610

THE MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW,

A TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY HENRY SIDDONS,

AUTHOR OF VIRTUOUS POVERTY.

VOL. I.

Le donne antiche hanno mirabil cose
Fatto ne l'arme, e ne le sacre Muse;
E di lor opre belle, e gloriose
Gran lume in tutto il mondo si diffuse.
Arpalice, e Camilla son famose,
Perchè in battaglia erano esperte, ed usè.
Safo, e Corinna, perchè furon dotte,
Splendono illustri, e mai non veggon notte.

Le donne son venute in eccellenza
Di ciascun'arte, ove hanno posto cura;
E qualunque a l'istorie abbia avvertenza
Ne sente ancor la fama non obscura.
Se'l mondo n'è gran tempo stato senza,
Non però sempre il mal'influsso dura.
E forse ascosi han lor debiti onori
L'invidia, o il non saper degli scrittori.

ARIOSTO.

LONDON:
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1806.

610

THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW,

A TALE.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL. 610

DEDICATION.

TO

THE REV. JOHN MIDDLETON, A. M.

MY GOOD SIR,

YOU will start back on seeing your name prefixed to a Dedication: let me, however, solicit your patience for a few moments, while I give you my reasons for the step which I have taken. In a research *of* some moment, *I have been, lately, very highly assisted by your friend-*

ship

ship and good-nature; I take this opportunity, therefore, of testifying my gratitude and my esteem. In our early years we were school-fellows: this gives me an additional motive for wishing you to accept this trifling tribute of my cordial good-will toward you! That you may (wherever Providence thinks fit to shape your course) meet with the success your many valuable qualities so amply merit, will always be one of the most fervent wishes I can breathe. I am well aware, that, from your unassuming knowledge, and unaffected goodness, you want nothing but opportunity to render you a conspicuous ornament of the exalted profession to which you belong. I know that my wishes can be of little avail; but they

are sincere: and I can truly say with Achilles, in your favourite Homer,

Ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεῖνος, ὁμῶς ἀΐδαο πυλῃσιν
Ὅς χ᾽ ἕτερον μὲν κευθει ενὶ φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ βάζει.

In the spirit of which sentiment I beg, my good Sir, that I may have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your obliged

and sincere friend,

Henry Siddons.

Brewer-street, Bloomsbury,
March, 1806.

PREFACE.

THE success of my last book, called "Virtuous Poverty," is the only plea I can urge, in mitigation of sentence against this second attempt at an intrusion on the patience of the Town. When I say success, I mean to arrogate nothing more to myself, than the good fortune of finding that the number of copies sold at my Bookseller's, very far exceeded my warmest expectations. I have no doubt but the work had mer-

PREFACE.

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ny faults; and, that those faults have been severely criticised, both in private and in public. I bear not the least ill-will to those who have thus censured my performance. As there are some disagreeable circumstances attendant on all the concerns of human life, an author must be very vain, or very ignorant, who can, for a moment, hope to taste nothing but the sweets, without the infusion of some bitter drops into his cup of pleasure. I can safely aver, that so far from being surprised at criticisms on my attempts, I should be very much astonished if I found *none*. He who imagines himself all *perfection* must be most egregiously deceived indeed. It would be a false assumption

of

of philosophy in any man, to pretend to aver, that the voice of praise or censure is alike indifferent to him. There is something in the sound of approbation and of fame, which exalts the most stoical apathy, and stimulates the exertions of the most timid and the most diffident. My last book met with as much candor as I either deserved or expected. The faults which were found I have endeavoured to mend in this, and shall not be disappointed, if I find that I have yet much to go through, before I can satisfy the expectations of the judicious. I trust to the same impartial justice which I had the good fortune to experience in the former instance;

stance, and I trust to it with an implicit confidence.

Many of my friends have complained of my work, as being of too grave a nature. I dare say that their objections are founded on the most reasonable grounds. I am far from being hurt: I am most truly obliged to them for the candid declarations of their sentiments, even although those sentiments happen not to be in my own favor; nor do I, by any means, intend to call their judgment into question, in the defence I am about to set up for myself in this charge. It was always my opinion, that a novel ought to have some strong *moral* for its ground-work: that it

it should elucidate the happy effects of cultivating the *virtues*, and, at the same time, expose the certain miseries which are attendant on the violation of the *duties* of social life. Such have ever been my sentiments on the subject. I find I am far from doing justice to my own ideas, in the *execution* of my designs; but I have the satisfaction to find, that the same idea has been pursued by men, very far my superiors in the literary lists, and that honors and success have crowned their efforts in the cause of truth and virtue.

I shall take the liberty to mention an instance of this kind, which relates to a living author. Mr. Pratt, to

whom the world has often been obliged for many elegant effusions of the muse, once wrote a novel which did a most essential piece of service to the community at large. A book had been published, where *dissimulation* had been recommended as a virtue, and *insincerity* ranked among the arts of life: seduction was painted in the robes of a grace, and every moral duty was laid prostrate before a false deity called *Politeness*. *Declamation* might long have thundered in vain against the growth of such an evil: Mr. Pratt strangled the hydra with the nervous grasp of *ridicule*. The monster fell by his efforts; and the "*Pupil of Pleasure*" soon effected what more laborious attempts had long

toiled, in vain, to accomplish. Though this work was much connected with *then existing* circumstances, there is so much pointed observation, mingled with such real touches of the pathetic, that any reader may *yet* find his hours well employed, in the perusal of Mr. Pratt's very amusing and instructive work.

I hope the gentleman alluded to will pardon me, for having taken this liberty with his name; but, however he may slight my sentiments on this head, I assure him, that they have at least, the virtue of sincerity to recommend themselves to his attention. The *minor vices* are the game of the novelist; the great-

er crimes must be left to the care of the Persius's and the Juvenals of the day.—

"Yet, not unconscious of this awful age,
"I mark what new conflicting systems rage;
"Systems, which laugh to scorn th'avenging rod,
"And hurl defiance to the throne of God;
"Shake pestilence abroad with madd'ning sweep,
"And grant no pause, but everlasting sleep.
"Blood-guiltiness their crime, with hell they cope;
"No flesh, no spirit, now must rest in hope,
"But, under foliage dark, and cypress gloom,
"The sculptur'd mock'ry marks the marble tomb."

Pursuits of Literature, page 46.

"If these, disgust to serious cares attend,
"And make serene philosophy your friend,
"Pen some choice fragment in the genuine taste;
"Each power combin'd of wit and learning waste,

"Smart

"Smart and concise, with deepest meaning
" fraught;
"Neat be the types, and the vignettes high
" wrought:
"With frontispiece, to catch the gazer's eye
"Treason the pile, the basis blasphemy."

Pursuits of Literature, page 81.

Here we behold the muse of satire soaring the flights of an eagle: but, the very humble essays of a novel are kept within bounds still narrower and more circumscribed. A book of the last-mentioned species pretends to little more than to amusement: if it can be allowed *utility*, it is a praise, for which the writer ought to hold himself obliged and grateful.

I think

I think it necessary to state *one more* circumstance, before I proceed to the commencement of my work. When my last book appeared, many of my friends took it into their *heads*, that several of my imaginary *dramatis personæ* were *real* characters, and perplexed me by enquiring whether they were meant for Mr. or Mrs. Such-a-one. To put a stop to this unfair mode of questioning, I thus openly declare, that I do not mean to *compliment* or *satirize* any man or woman now living, in this, my present work, entitled, "*The Maid, Wife,* "*and Widow.*" The fable, whether good or bad, originated in my own fancy; and, if the characters bear a resemblance to any lady or gentleman who

may

may chance to read it, I repeat, that the similitude is purely *accidental*; nor have I the least motive or wish, to elevate or decry the character or conduct even of one *solitary man or woman*. Impertinent as this caution may seem, I have found it a very *necessary* one; and the story of the grotesque painter, prefixed to one of our best novels, has, in my instance at least, turned out to be no fable.

A man, while writing a book of the nature of a novel, if he does his duty to society, is bound, during the progress of his work, to guard carefully against the admission of any scenes, or sentiments, that may be offensive to the

delicacy

delicacy of the female portion of his readers. While anixous to accomplish this end, he is apt to run into another extreme, and make his book a very *sententious* one. Let it be admitted that this is an error: it will be granted, at the same time, that it is an error on the right side of the question. It would not be at all fair to say to such a writer, do you mean by this to infer, that you are a better man than your neighbours? Do you hold up yourself to them as a pattern and an example? An author thus circumstanced, could only reply, that it was his *book*, not *himself*, that he sends into the world. His own errors can only operate in the confined

circle

circle to which he is prescribed, but that he cannot tell what mischief his printed sentiments might disseminate abroad. Against this evil he is *bound* to provide. His compact with society ties him, as a man of honor, to these conditions; and, though I would not plead an exemption from the infliction of critical punishment for being *dull*, yet I will and must contend, that there are some writers who merit a *double* portion of severity, writers, who make their books a vehicle for all which should be concealed from the eye of innocence and purity.

I shall conclude this long preamble, with saying, that, if attacked in the words

words of Horace, I should derive my *defence* from the same author.——

" ———Nunc aliquis dicat mihi, quid tu
" Nullane habes vitia? Imo, alia et fortasse
" minora.

" ——————Lædere gaudes
" Inquit, et hoc studio pravus facis, unde peti-
" tum
" Hoc in me jacis? Est auctor quis denique
" eorum
" Vixi cum quibus? Absentem qui rodit ami-
" cum,
" Qui non defendit, alio culpante. Solutos
" Qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis;
" Fingere qui non visa potest commissa tacere
" Qui nequit: hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane,
" caveto."

——Ubi

"——————Ubi datur oti
"Illudo chartis. Hoc est mediocribus illis
"Ex vitiis unum: cui si concedere nolis,
"Multa pöetarum veniat manus, auxilio quæ
"Sit mihi (nam multoplures sumus) ac veluti te
"Judæi; cogamus in hanc concedere turbam."

INTRODUCTION.

THE person entitled *Mowbray Landford* in the following Memoirs, was a gentleman who passed part of his time in writing the past events of his life: he was much aided in this occupation, by having, in early youth, adopted a custom of writing a short memorandum of every day's occurrence in a yearly pocket-book. When he retired to solitude and seclusion, he felt that want of *employment* which is one of the greatest

miseries which can be attached to an active mind. Idleness is the parent of every misery, as well as the root of every evil. To fill up this painful vacuum, therefore, he compiled the following sheets; but not with the least idea of their ever being presented to the public. The Reverend Mr. Alleyn, a man to whom he was under the highest obligations, and of whose probity and piety he entertained the most exalted opinion, begged for permission to read over these papers when they were nearly brought to a conclusion. After he had finished them, he acknowledged that they had a great many errors, and were by no means adapted to the eye of critical disquisition: he added, however,

a strong request, that he might be permitted to carry the papers with him to London, and shew them to a friend of his there. This was a favour that Mr. Landford could by no means refuse him, and the manuscript was carried to town by his reverend benefactor. Mr. Landford afterwards received many letters from thence, warmly pressing for their publication. The two following will suffice for a specimen of this correspondence.

"My dear young friend,

"I have just received your papers "from Mr. ——, who agrees with me, "that it is highly proper for you to al"low me to publish your Memoirs. We "are persuaded, that they hold out a

"lesson which may have a salutary in-
"fluence on the conduct of fathers of
"families. Mr. ——— is of opinion,
"that a lesson conveyed in the form of
"your book, might have more effect
"than a number of grave discourses,
"delivered in a less alluring shape.
"Your objection, on account of the
"NAMES of your relatives, is a just and
"reasonable one; but if you will do
"me the favour to entrust the super-
"intendance of the work to my care,
"I will so alter it in THAT particular,
"that though the *facts* shall remain en-
"tire, no clue shall be left which may
"guide the reader to any discovery
"which might prejudice the honour
"or the happiness of ANY PART of your
"family."

"You are too good, in expressing "so much gratitude for the services it "fell within the scope of my poor "power to render you a few years ago. "I did my duty, and I can lay claim "to no farther merit on that head. "Pray remember me kindly to your "little family. I am now growing very "old and very infirm; but the smiles "and kind wishes of my friends still "keep me cheerful and resigned to "that awful event which, from my "length of days, I must naturally sup-"pose to be at no great distance. "Once more, adieu!

"Answer me directly concerning "the publication of your papers. I "must own it is a wish very near my

"heart;

"heart; but whether you *grant* or re-
"fuse my request, I beg you will never
"cease to think, that you have still a
"sincere and affectionate friend and
"well-wisher in

"ALLEYN."

To this pressing solicitation, the following answer was, shortly after, returned:

"My benevolent friend,

"I must and will repeat, that, after
"the numerous favours I have received
"at your hands, it would be the height
"of ingratitude in me to DENY YOU ANY
"THING. I leave my unhappy story to
"your discretion. The circumstances
"which attended my father were of a

"very

"very DREADFUL nature: I am sure you
"will so *conceal* every circumstance
"that might tend to discover who he
"*really* was, as to put me out of pain
"on that *account*. To hold up a lesson
"to mankind, it is sufficient that *gene-*
"*ral* circumstances should be known:
"there can be no real necessity for a
"disclosure of particulars.

"With this often-repeated CAUTION,
"I *here* give you permission to act as
"you may think proper. Hasten from
"London as soon as possible, to throw
"a cheerful glow of pleasure over your
"friends. Retirement, in your society,
"my dear Sir, can never be justly
"termed *solitude*. Oh! come to mend
"the heart and improve the mind of

"your

"your eternally obliged and ever af-
"fectionate

"M. L———."

This is the history of the means by which the following pages were brought to light. If Mr. Landford has done wrong, it must be imputed to an error in judgment, not to any obliquity of his heart. He long resisted the publication; and only consented at last, when assured, by persons whose opinions he valued higher than his own, that the promulgation of his Memoirs might be the source of some benefit, and could not possibly be of any detriment to a SINGLE MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

My father, in the early period of his life, was what was called a young man of the *first fashion*, and had imbibed many of the prevalent failings of the first circles. His passion for play had involved him in so many serious inconveniencies, that on his marriage with my mother he bound himself by a solemn oath not to indulge in this destructive passion for *twenty years* after that period; such an entire domi-

nion had it gained over him, that he considered this solemn tie as the only assurance he could trust to for his self-denial.

He was descended from one of the most ancient families in the North of England: a circumstance, which, through the whole tenour of his life, tended to the ruin of his own happiness, at the same time that it obstructed the felicity of every branch of his family.

I am greatly affected whenever I am compelled to state one fact to the prejudice of a man, to whom I owe life, honor, and duty: yet his failings are so closely connected with the story I am about to narrate, that their omission would snap the grand link, which must necessarily combine the chain of my relation. The pride of my father was *excessive*: he had increased it by an union with a woman of a temper

haughty

haughty as his own, like himself descended from the blood of the most illustrious personages in the United Kingdoms. From my father's former fatal propensity, their income was by no means adequate to their lofty pretensions; yet, still they contrived to live in a style of uncomfortable grandeur, upon an estate which had been in the possession of their ancestors for several centuries. About a year after her nuptials, my mother was brought to bed of twins. I came into the world about an *hour* before my brother, and in consequence of that event, had the *misfortune* to be heir to all my father's high flown projects for the *advancement* of his family honors. His expectations in me were unbounded.

My brother, in comparison with myself, was looked upon as a mere cypher; an ordinary plant in the garden

of parent nature, destined to blossom unregarded, or wither on the stem, just as Providence or accident should direct.

Such an odd, such an inconsistent creature is man! One little *hour* had made this wide distinction between two beings born with equal claims to parental affection!

Chance, and chance alone, had given me this superiority over a brother on a level with myself in every other particular, and to whom I might have been considered a very inferior personage, had the *one hour* happened to have been in *his* favour.

As we grew up, with shame I own it, I *felt* the advantages I held over my younger brother, and made some use of them. A just retribution has since overtaken these early follies; and that of which I was formerly so absurdly vain,

vain, has since turned out my scourge and my misfortune.

Gustavus, my brother, was of a temper open, sanguine, ardent. Although he *said* little, he *felt* much: his taciturnity proceeded not from any obtuseness in the contexture of his nerves, but from a refinement in their system. Under the semblance of a mind unoccupied, he carried feelings, which exercised his susceptibility and preyed upon his heart.

I saw the preference which was given me from our days of infancy. Our French and Italian masters perceived how matters stood, and made their court to their employers, by extolling me as a little prodigy in those fashionable languages. Our other instructors were not behind hand; and while my talents were exalted to the skies, those of Gustavus were, with proportionate

 injustice,

injustice, depressed below their level. This was not the *worst* of the matter. If our father planted a tree, he ever looked with pleasing anticipation to the time when his ELDEST SON should repose himself beneath the foliage of its waving branches.

Once, when we were both attacked with a fever, his hopes, his fears, and his anxieties, were for his ELDEST SON alone. In all his bargains, projects, and schemes of future advancement, his ELDEST *solely*, was either named or considered. In short, I was accustomed to look on myself as a lordly oak: my brother was deemed a mere shrub, doomed to vegetate under my protecting shade, or cling round my trunk for sustenance and protection.

The mind of Gustavus, however, was not formed by nature to act a subordinate character in the drama of

existence.

existence. The fire of independence shed a hallowed ray on his heart: he measured his faculties with mine, compared our separate qualities, and weighed our several energies with as impartial a scrutiny as his judgment was capable of exerting, and found the weight turn in my favour, merely from one *fortuitous hour*. Conviction and reflection followed this discovery: he became proud, sullen, restless, and uneasy. Our father and mother could not, at first, penetrate into the cause of this abstraction: indeed, he was ever so secondary a consideration with them, that they did not often give themselves the trouble of watching those nice shades of character, it is the duty of all good parents to attend to, in those progressive stages which mark the unfoldings of an infant mind.

Neglect, instead of chilling the ar-

dours of Gustavus, served only to pour oil upon the flame: he felt the dignity of injured virtue; and though he endeavoured to bury his feelings in reserve, yet would the flame sometimes break out, and at those periods he could not avoid shewing, that the partial power which can exalt one object, at the price of the feelings of another, cannot destroy the satisfactions of conscious probity, nor deaden the sensibilities of indignant worth.

My father had a distant relative, an old Colonel, who often visited at our house: he was not rich; but, having long served his country with the highest honour, and gained many wounds in her defence, he was constantly treated with the greatest deference and respect wherever he went. This worthy veteran was charmed with the open character of Gustavus, which was al-

most as romantic as his own. The Colonel was the only visitant at our house, who dared run the hazard of offending our parents by venturing to make a fair estimate of the merits of my brother and myself.

Gustavus grew up with me; but coldness and neglect (the inseparable and sure attendants of family partiality), accompanied us on our progress. We blossomed like two flowerets on the same stem, destined by one slight inclination never to approach each other.

Two brothers are surely ordained by the Sublime Author of all beautiful Nature to act as separate bodies inspired by the same soul: they are pledges of defence, ramparts of security to each other. How impolitic, how cruel then is it, to alienate their affections from the very cradle! Yet this is too frequently the case in every quarter of the

civilised globe. Pampered in the lap of luxury, the *eldest* hope looks down on the junior branches of his family sa beings of another species: they, in their turn, consider him as the general destroyer of the common patrimony, the Leviathan who swallows up the whole provision. Hence a number of the shocking incidents, which startle and amaze society, break through the bonds of peace, and mar the music of the softer passions. Such conduct in *my* parents for ever divided me from Gustavus. I was young, I was vain. He was sensitive, and, perhaps, inconsiderate. We were frequently separated in the earlier stages of life.

Gustavus was sent to a public academy, where he had to encounter those hardships which were endured by boys whose parents moved in a sphere considerably below that in which Providence

dence had placed his *own*. He had, however, taken such disgust at the partialities he witnessed under his father's roof, that he gave the preference to that of his school-master, with all its comparative disadvantages.

His friend, the Colonel, often begged to have him at his holidays. A request which was generally eagerly embraced by all parties. I was, of course, kept at home, and had masters of all descriptions provided to attend on me.

When my brother *did* visit us at his vacations, I found that he was making rapid strides in all his studies. I strained every nerve to overtake him, but all my efforts were ineffectual: I was compelled to pay too much attention to the *superficial* to be capable of much advancement in the more *solid* accomplishments. I would most willingly have made Gustavus the companion of

my tasks, the partner of my anxieties; but chance served to widen those wounds the indiscretion of our parents had first inflicted.

One Christmas our family mansion chanced to be full of company. Sir George Sendon was there, with his daughter Juliana, then nearly the same age with myself.

Sir George was rich, well descended, and of high political connection. My parents who had ever an eye to my interests in the most minute occurrences of life, had formed a plan, which was more romantic than sensible, and more affectionate to myself than equitable to *others*: they determined, at this early age, to contract me to the lovely Juliana.

This project was communicated to me; and too young to be inspired with any sentiments but those which were

were conveyed to me through the medium of others, I listened with attention to every proposition which was made to me: yet, to the astonishment of every one, the young lady appeared to give my neglected brother a decided preference over myself.

His retired manners, his sensibility, whenever addressed with the soothing voice of encouragement, added to the interest the mind of Juliana took in every thing which concerned the unhappy, were so many combined circumstances in the favor of Gustavus.

I must confess, I felt a little piqued at this conduct in the lovely girl. I had always been considered the first object in the eyes of every one; to be slighted, therefore, in this instance, was a mortification not to be easily digested. From the silent coldness which had hitherto subsisted between Gusta-

vus and myself, we began to pourtray more evident symptoms of hostility, and frown defiance as we passed each other: so early is the passion of envy capable of taking root and bearing blossoms in the very spring of life! It is of consequence to remark, that there was a very strong *similitude* between my brother and myself; so much so, indeed, that we were *frequently mistaken* for each other. Gustavus had always many advantages over me in point of personal attractions: his hair curled over a countenance which might have served as a model for an Antinous; his form was elegantly turned, and there were but few who could have contended with him in this envied particular. When we were *together*, it would have been impossible not to have given him a decided preference. We were, however, exactly of the same height,

height, our figures were somewhat similar, and the family resemblance between us was peculiarly marked.

In our accidental encounters, Juliana frequently paid me compliments which at first would flatter my vanity; but my self-love was sufficiently punished, on constantly discovering that I had appropriated to *myself* what was intended for *another*. My parents were hurt at this open preference; and, in consequence of it, began to treat the high spirited boy in a manner, which, not even MY tongue could sanction nor my heart approve.

He felt their conduct most severely; but, to every one, except our engaging play-fellow, he was reserved and silent. He went back to his school without a single regret, save that of being separated from Juliana Sendon. He shook me by the hand as we parted.

ed—the chaise was at the door—he looked on me with coldness—my heart smote me at the moment—I felt that *I* had been the *cause* of his disquietude, though I knew at the same time, my heart could acquit me of any intention to disturb his peace. . . . . "Brother!" cried I, and would have proceeded, but something rose in my throat and suffocated the words as I attempted to give them utterance. . . . I thought I saw a *tear* stand trembling in the eye of Gustavus. He remained suspended a few seconds, as if some gentle emotion was rising in his heart: but, after a kind of shudder, he drew the back of his hand across his eyes, leaped into the carriage, and in a moment was out of sight. I felt *my* pride wounded in its *turn;* but soon remembered that my brother had some

some argument for complaint, and all my anger vanished at the recollection.

My father and Sir George were frequently closeted together. I observed that they constantly eyed me with tenderness, with anxiety, and were lavish in bestowing on me every token of affection and solicitude. Not so the daughter of Sir George. After the departure of her favourite, her air became pensive and dejected: she seldom noticed me; and, if ever I pressed my attentions, she constantly received them with evident marks of impatience. During his late residence amongst them, the domestics of my father had conceived a strong attachment to the person of my brother: those amongst them who were peculiarly civil to my face, were, I found, most inimical to me in my absence.

Though, as I have observed, my brother

brother and myself were born within an hour of each other, an invidious distinction was kept up, by giving the servants a treat once a year because it was *my* birth-day. To make the injustice of this partiality still more flagrant, the festive occasion was this year deferred till my brother returned to school.

I was resolved to listen unobserved to their revelry, that I might solace my heart with the contemplation of a groupe of happy beings, and taste the delight of being, in some degree, the *author* of the felicity they were enjoying. How great was my surprise, how bitter was my disappointment, when I heard them, as they drained the social bowl, substitute the name of Gustavus for that of Mowbray Landford!! I found that *he* was considered by them a fine, bold, open-spirited youth, ill

treated

treated by his relatives for the sake of one whom they evidently deemed inferior to him in every point of view. The fact was, that Gustavus, from finding himself neglected by those above him, had acquired that sort of deportment which easily finds its way to the hearts of inferiors. He was affable without affectation, whilst there was a pride in my manner, even in the very act of condescending, which chilled the ardours of gratitude.

This discovery sunk deeply into my mind. I examined my heart with all the impartiality which nature would allow me to exert, yet could find nothing there to lay to its charge. I had not designedly given cause of offence to any one human being, yet all mankind seemed combined against me: my brother, Juliana, the very servants were in the league! Born to honors and

and a fortune, I seemed fated to pass through life without a friend!

The alacrity of my attendants, in lieu of pleasing, now disgusted me. Pride and humanity prevented me from making my parents acquainted with their duplicity: to have deprived them of their bread would have been to have *deserved* their hatred. My source of happiness was poisoned. I wanted not sensibility. I had a capacious heart: it was desolated. I envied every peasant I saw: "*He* has a brother "who loves him," I exclaimed, in sorrow; "a brother whom he loves! He "has no *servants*, but he has *friends!!!*"

CHAP.

CHAPTER II.

Colonel Raynall, whose attachment to my brother increased with every hour, wished to have him bred a soldier, and wrote to his father requesting that he might be placed at a military academy. Here he made such a rapid progress that he begged to be allowed to remain there during his vacations, as he was desirous of retaining the acquirements he was making. His father and mother, who had lately viewed him in the light of a rival, not only in the sight of more unprejudiced people, but what was much worse, in the affections of Juliana Sendon, readily complied with the favor he

he demanded. I saw through his motives: I perceived that he wished to shun me. I was touched; I was hurt. I resolved to call pride to my aid, and to show him that I had a spirit, high and lofty as his own. The die was now cast for life. We were cold, we were uninterested for each other: the link was snapped, and the fraternal bond was cancelled on both sides. Our parents irritated instead of soothing our turbulent minds. They wrote him many letters of the most humiliating tendency: they informed him, that although we were so closely related, fortune had placed a wide barrier between us, and that he must henceforward acknowledge a *superior* in an *elder* brother, and look up to him as the representative of an ancient house,—the fountain of bounty, whose refreshing streams were to be distribu-

ted

ted amongst his connexions. They concluded by assuring him, in very *plain* though not very *delicate* terms, that he must have no expectation of any settlement that did not arise from *my* goodness. Such rguments were but ill adapted to operate with any force on a mind like his. His reply was, that the profession he had chosen would, he trusted, be a preventive to his ever becoming burthensome to his brother Mowbray; therefore, resolving to ask no *favors*, he trusted he should not be exposed to any *humiliations*: that being born of the same parents, inheriting the same name, he flattered himself he had every right to consider his brother as his *equal*, until he should be so unhappy in his *conduct*, as to degrade himself to the rank of an *inferior*. His father, who considered this high flown letter as an act of open disobedience

and rebellion, by the advice of his wife would have proceeded to extremities against him, had I not most vehemently pleaded in opposition to any harsh measures, knowing, that all actions tending to the injury of my brother would be generally imputed to myself, and load me with a weight of odium and execration. Colonel Raynall being a soldier of the most romantic niceness on the point of honor, was supposed to have instilled these offensive ideas of equality into the mind of his favorite. Sir George was now with his daughter, at a house he had lately purchased in London. He wrote very pressing letters, urging us all to a visit there. My parents would have complied, had they not earnestly desired to have my education completed, before they would venture to produce me in this great metropolis.

Letters

Letters began to pass and repass between my father and my brother of the most alarming nature; the latter having made use of some expressions, his offended parent threatened never to pardon, unless appeased by the most unqualified apology. Notwithstanding all the coldness which had subsisted between us, I now wrote to Gustavus, and most earnestly entreated him to make the stipulated concession: he complied with my request, yet all was harsh and out of tune. The affair was *adjusted*, not *reconciled*, and the family discord still prevailed.

I now hasten to matters of a nature (to myself) peculiarly interesting. It was about this period, I was one day taking a solitary ride, and was lost in musing and contemplation, when a snappish cur sprung from a cottage door, and by his shrill-toned bark so fright-

ened my horse that he made a sudden start. The shock was so violent and unexpected, that he threw me from my saddle; and, when I found myself on the ground, my torments were too excruciating to allow me to call for help. My leg was violently fractured. I endeavoured to creep towards the cottage, but in the attempt my strength failed me and I fainted. When I recovered I found myself in a neat little apartment: a grey-headed old man was by my bedside, a youth about my own age supported me in his arms, whilst a girl, who seemed still younger, was in the attitude of holding out a glass of crystal water towards me. At sight of *her* I almost fancied myself in the celestial regions, and that some white-robed angel was floating before my charmed eyes to congratulate me on my arrival. Pain and weakness too soon convinced

me

me of my error. I heaved a deep groan.

"Thank Heaven, he revives!" said the old man.

"Give me the water, Adelaide," cried the youth: "I will rub his fore-"head with it, and that will refresh him "while I step to the doctor."

I murmured: "Where am I?"

The old man immediately answered: "In my cottage, under the roof "of a man who owes his portion both "of good and evil to your family. He "has been ruined by *one* branch of "it, but never will forget that he "owes his preservation to *another*: "thank Heaven, he is a Christian, too, "therefore can remember a benefit "whilst he can forget an injury."

His son reddened and stopped him short. "Psha! Father! don't talk of "*injuries*."

 "Well,

"Well, well, boy, I will not: t'was "wrong, very wrong!"

"How do you feel yourself now, "Sir?" gently murmured Adelaide, in a tone which gave a pleasing tremor to every fibre in my agitated frame. I cast my eyes around, and was equally surprised at the appearance of the cottage and of its tenants.

The furniture of the former had nothing rich, nothing valuable to set it off; and yet all was arranged with such simple elegance, that it bore the appearance of the residence of grace and taste. It was hung with drawings from Telemachus. Simple wild-flowers scented the apartment: their colours were mingled with such chaste propriety, yet combined with such lively negligence, that imagination cannot picture a more delightful scene than the

the one which now dawned on my reviving senses.

I was soon given to understand that I was in the cottage of old Cuthbert, a tenant of my father's, with whom he had formerly maintained many violent disputes, and carried on a tedious and vexatious law suit. I knew he had suffered many heavy *calamities* from our family, but was at a loss to guess how he could have been at all *benefited* by it. All parties denied me the slightest intelligence on this topic. I had sunk at their door wounded and in distress: they had never once given themselves the trouble of remembering *who* it was; it was quite enough for them, to know it was a fellow creature in *want of assistance*. I found that I had lain helpless and senseless for some time, every creature being too well employed to run to our mansion to

give information of the danger I was in.

Now my senses were recovered the young Frederick shook me cordially by the hand, and wished me better, with a look which appeared to be prompted by the most energetic benevolence. He told me he would now go for my father and a physician: then darted out of my sight. He soon returned with *both* the persons he had been seeking. To see the author of my being in tears, affected me more than all the anguish I endured. It was as much as his friend the doctor could do to keep him within any tolerable bounds. Yet, even at this crisis, his pride conquered his affections. His sorrow was not so much excited for his *son* as for his *heir*: I am sorry to add, if that heir had been fool or villain, his feelings would yet have been keen and pungent. He took

no notice of any one person present: he did not even thank my preservers for the care they had taken of me; but sat down lamenting by my bed-side, without betraying any symptoms of emotion for the feelings of others.

The physician assured him my life would be in danger if he attempted to remove me from my present situation: he added, at the same time, an assurance of my meeting every attention from the worthy little family by which I was surrounded.

The benevolent eagerness of their looks confirmed the promise which had been made in their names. My father quitted them without the least notice or attention: he received their assistance as a *tribute* due to his importance. The conduct of their imperious landlord neither shocked nor surprised them. My father told me he would see me

every day, and hit upon some plausible invention for concealing my accident from my mother.

In the cottage of Cuthbert I passed the happiest moments I had ever known during my life. Nature appeared to me in a new garb: it was sure to be an *enchanting*, for it was a *natural* one. The mists of prejudice were dispersing before my eyes. I thought I had at length discovered *why* I had not been *happy*. I had hitherto vegetated a mere insulated being: I had been accustomed to *look* upon, to *speak* to the rest of my species; but this was *all*. I had never yet participated in those luxuries which arise from an intercourse of HEARTS; from the delightful mixture of the social affections!!! In the conversation of Adelaide I forgot the torments I must otherwise have endured, from the very dangerous way in which

my

my limb had been fractured. She spoke without art, yet persuasion and conviction hung upon her lips. Various as her accomplishments were, she never made the least parade about them: her remarks flowed sensibly and naturally. I now imagined I had been fortunate enough to attach three human beings to me on my *own* account: I was about to suffer a most severe disappointment.

Adelaide, simple as nature in the first spring of the world, confessed that she felt much interested in my fate, and never should be happy until she beheld me perfectly recovered. I thanked her with transport, and was pouring forth the effusions of my soul in the most ardent acknowledgments, when she stopped me short, by assuring me that she must have been the worst girl in the world, had she neglected any thing

in her power to serve and assist me, had it been only for the sake of my *dear, dear*, brother, to whom I bore so very strong a resemblance.

"How," faultered I: "is it then "to *him* I am indebted for your friend- "ship, Adelaide?"

"SURELY," replied the artless girl, a tear quivering in her eye, "that name "must be ever dear to *me* and *mine*. "Good Heavens! What do we not "owe his goodness? The life and li- "berty of a father! He gave me books, "too, my dearest companions, in whose "society I can never be idle or un- "happy."

I eagerly requested to know how my brother had been fortunate enough to occasion so much happiness. She fell on her knees, and then clasping her hands together, while her fine blue eyes were turned upwards to the seat of light

and mercy, invoked a fervent blessing on his head. I observed that to his name she frequently added that of Juliana Sendon. It was now evident that Gustavus, the apparently sullen and morose Gustavus, had turned his pensive solitary rambles to the noblest of all human purposes, the relief of the sufferer; to the pious act of pouring the oil of mercy on the wounds of the afflicted! Oh Fortune! Fortune! thou indeed *art* blind. What were the advantages of a few hours, days, or years? My brother had the start of me in virtue: *I* was born to *inherit* the estate, *he* to *deserve* it.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S

CHAPTER III.

The more I investigated the conduct of Gustavus the greater cause I found for admiration of his sentiments, his principles, and his character. I had neglected the talent entrusted to my care; *he*, on the other hand, had been active to *create* the means of benevolence which fortune had denied him. The favourite of Sir George Sendon's daughter, he had participated in her morning walks, and helped her to discover the mansions of the afflicted. Sir George was liberal in the extreme to this *only* child: she had but to *ask*, and gold to him was dross when weighed against

against her happiness. I was perfectly amazed when I heard the sum of good these young playfellows had been in the daily habit of doing.

The poor of the village hardly looked on them as human creatures, but worshipped them as two descended guardian angels. Cuthbert, the owner of the cottage, stood forth a memorable instance of their indefatigable benevolence.

Cuthbert had been a soldier in his early years, he was a junior branch of a very respectable family: the only patrimony his father could leave him was a blessing, an education, and a sword. Cuthbert fought his way to the rank of lieutenant. He was early in life united to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, the daughter of a friend and fellow soldier. The story was *romantic.*

On an evening previous to a celebrated action, the comrade of Cuthbert was remarkably low spirited. Cuthbert begged, with all the unfeigned energy of friendship, to be made acquainted with the cause of his dejection. His fellow soldier grasping him by the hand, told him he was convinced that he should not survive the next day's battle: he had no weak regret at quitting life, save that his heart bled for a lovely girl he must leave behind him, exposed to all those perils which attend the painful progress of a susceptible mind through an ill judging and unfeeling world. Cuthbert swore never to desert the daughter of Howard. The fears of the father were prophetic: he was shot the next day; yet had he the consolation of expiring in the arms of his friend, who eagerly leaped forward to catch him as he fell.

The dying man smiled in his face with an expression of placid confidence and went without a groan. Cuthbert religiously performed the promise he had made, and was shortly after united to the daughter of Howard. They had a hard struggle through a world strewed with thorns and briers: two children consoled them for all the ills of life.

The wounds poor Cuthbert was unfortunate enough to receive in various engagements at last disabled him for the service, and hard necessity compelled him to retire with his infant family to a small cottage.

He had a slender annuity; yet still, had he not exerted himself with unconquerable industry, his expenses must have far exceeded his confined income. By his skill in the cultivation of a small garden at the back of his cottage, he

contrived to supply his family with many of the necessaries of life: he was attentive to his poultry, and a cow which he kept afforded them most of their luxuries. The vine climbed with fantastic embrace about his little white mansion, the wild rose and the honeysuckle twisted around the window and breathed odours on the tenants within. The wife of Cuthbert was a woman of refined taste. Her father, in his days of prosperous fortune, took care to have her instructed in drawing, music, and the living languages: these she had preserved amid the frowns of adversity and the rack of wealth. Her father had been stripped of all save his books, by passing his word for a villain: these descended as a sole legacy to his child: it was an invaluable one, for with them she formed the minds and hearts of her little ones.

Frederick as he grew up was often obliged to attend his father in the laborious exercises of the garden and the field, of course he caught a glimpse of science when he could: Adelaide appeared to snatch instruction like one *inspired*. Her mind was so comprehensive that she could grasp many objects at once, yet so well regulated, that one idea was never confounded nor obliterated by another.

At ten years old her favorite author was Telemachus, and at that early period she had many of the passages by heart. She was the darling of her father's soul, and her cherub smiles supported him through the most dreadful trial that can afflict a sensible heart.

His amiable helpmate had always been of a delicate constitution. Her unremitting attention to the education of her little ones, had shattered her nerves

nerves and impaired their vigour: whenever she wished to instil any new acquirement into the mind of her daughter, she would sit up whole nights to attain it *herself*. The humble sphere, too, in which she was destined to move, precluded her from a life of mere *contemplation*; the exertion of the *corporeal* was super-added to the fatigues of the *mental* faculties. Her husband often with tears in his eyes implored her not to waste her strength with such unremitted labor; but he begged in vain: she saw *him* toiling for the support of his family, and she both *felt* and *rejoiced* to feel, that heaven had allotted *her* a share in rearing the tender plants she had produced. She took a pride in reflecting that the noblest portion of the task was *hers*, that portion which related to their minds: she felt the sublimity of her employment, and resolved

to render herself worthy of officiating at the shrine of nature in one of her noblest sacrifices. Under these trials she sunk; but she sunk with dignity, and with the self-approving consciousness of having completed her task. She had convinced her infants of the beauty of virtue, not by cold *precept*, but by active illustration: she had formed their minds in the midst of solitude and poverty; she had seen them blossom in the desart, and had "open-" ed paradise in the wild."

Her life was amiable and her death was not less so. After enduring the confinement of a lingering illness with the patience of an angel, when at length even hope was abandoned, she called her husband to her bed-side: her two children kneeled down before her and she invoked a blessing on their heads. When the feelings of the husband

band could be no longer smothered and stifled groans broke forth, she placed her fevered hand in his, and pointed to the children. They ran towards her, she smiled on them with affection, and breathed her last in the action of recommending them to the care and fortitude of their father. Cuthbert endured this heavy blow just as his girl had attained her tenth year. His wife was buried in his little garden, and with her all his earthly joys.

From this sad moment the youthful Adelaide roused every faculty of her soul: she felt that exertion on her part would be necessary, as she was now by nature bound to supply the loss which a loved father had sustained. She was successful in these efforts, even beyond her utmost expectations. Time at length blunted the edge of her parent's woe and soothed him to tranquillity.

All

All went on tolerably for some years. On the arrival of Sir George Sendon with his daughter at our family mansion, plans were formed which menaced my repose and that of this little family. In former times our ancestors had been the proprietors of every shed and acre for many miles around them. The imprudence of my father had formerly somewhat diminished the widely extended domains of his progenitors. In his necessities he (to arrange the payment of certain *debts of honor)* had been compelled to cut down his trees, to sell his lands, and part with a number of his houses and cottages to the best bidders: until, the bare dwelling-house, a few acres round it, and a decreased revenue, now bounded the prospects of a man, for whose extensive ambition empires, states, and kingdoms would have appeared confined and

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

and narrow. He eagerly thirsted to see his family reinstated in their former honors: for this purpose Sir George Sendon was the most proper man he could have met with in the world. High in wealth, *alliance* was what he sought for. The Landford family seemed to promise him every gratification of this nature. He willingly agreed to *advance* a large portion of the fortune he was to give me with his daughter, that my father might be able to revive his fading dignities.

He had therefore re-purchased a large tract of land, formerly annexed to our estates. One trifling circumstance, however, impeded his felicity: every acre, for a great extent of land, was now his own, with the exception of the little spot on which the cottage of Cuthbert was erected, the old soldier holding it on an unexpired lease. Now

for

for the improvements which had been projected, it was necessary that this cottage should be levelled with the ground; a new family mansion was to be erected near it, and the place where the little garden stood was to be covered with a grand range of stables.

The steward waited upon the owner and made his proposals, which, to the astonishment of every one, were steadfastly resisted. Premium on premium was offered, yet still the veteran was inflexible. The fact was, that Cuthbert had much of the *enthusiastic* in his nature. He had *superstitions*, too, of a peculiar kind. In this little nook of ground lay the hallowed remnants of all that once was *dear* to him: he looked upon her grave with a kind of *religious* awe. To remove her body from the spot her virtues had consecrated, would have been to him the worst of

impieties

impieties: to suffer the earth she had hallowed to be debased by the purposes proposed, was a thought from which his soul recoiled with horror and disgust. My father, enraged at his pertinacity, gave orders to his lawyer to proceed against him. This unworthy member of his noble profession, let his employer understand, that although he could not hope to gain his point by the aid of either equity or justice, yet that if he would empower him to proceed, his opponent might be reduced by the unequal war of purses to such extremities, as to be compelled either to fly the country, or throw himself on the mercy of the superior he had thus rashly offended. Cuthbert stood unshaken amidst the storm; but as the attorney had predicted, his purse was soon exhausted, though his spirits were not. About this time young Frederick and Gustavus

chanced

chanced to meet each other: the young rustic, fired with the wrongs of his father, smiled contemptuously: Gustavus, ignorant of the cause, and incapable either of insulting or bearing an insult from any one, immediately challenged him to fight him on the spot. Strong as the young cottager was from hard labor, my brother had so much advantage over him in point of skill and agility that he soon closed the eyes of his antagonist, who continued fighting on, like a lion, in darkness. Gustavus, generous as he was brave, declared that he would continue the combat no longer. The furious Frederick still rushed upon him, whilst he continued merely parrying off his blows, until a third person made his appearance. This third person was no other than Cuthbert himself, who had descried the combat at a distance, and whilst run-

ning forward to put a period to it, had witnessed the forbearing gallantry of Gustavus towards his son. When interrogated by his father, Frederick candidly owned he had been the aggressor, not having received the slightest provocation from his antagonist. Gustavus by this time, began to be charmed by the generosity of his enemy, and strolled onwards with the father and son till all three found themselves imperceptibly at the door of the cottage. Cuthbert asked Gustavus to walk in; the request was complied with.

Frederick, wounded as he was, here recapitulated the whole story so much to his own disadvantage that his sister was charmed with the bravery and humanity of the young conqueror.

From her lips my brother first learned the sorrows of this little family, as

Cuthbert

610.

Cuthbert and his son were both too high-minded to complain to him of what they imagined he was as well acquainted with as themselves. Here, however, they were very much deceived, as neither Gustavus nor myself had any suspicion of the harsh measures which had been adopted.

My brother was both shocked and hurt at the system of oppression thus opened to his view: every feeling of his heart and mind revolted from what he heard; and when he remembered that these transactions were taking place for *my* future aggrandisement, in his abhorrence of the *effects*, he did not allow himself time to recollect that I was innocent of the *cause* of this distress.

Oh! had he *consulted* me, by joining him in the heavenly task of righting the oppressed, our natures might have

assimilated, our hearts united, and the seeds of fraternal affection taken root in our bosoms! Prejudice, and the misplaced partiality of our parents, had blighted all the lovely produce of this golden harvest. He knew not the heart of his brother! In happiness he was *my* superior: I had no bosom on which I could repose my hopes, confide my sorrows, or deposit the secrets of my soul; he had a gentle, an amiable one!

Juliana Sendon gave him the preference over me, because she saw every other person ranged under my standard: yet was the distribution an unfair, an unequal one. What are crowds of *Parasites* and *Sycophants*, weighed against the solid value of *one* well-tried *friend?* The comparison is ridiculous! Without the cordial drop of confidence, wealth is a burthen, and greatness an incumbrance.

incumbrance. No sooner did Gustavus, the neglected brother, hear the woes of Cuthbert, than he sighed to alleviate them. He knew he had but little interest in the hearts of his parents: to have sought redress from them, he felt, would have been a fruitless undertaking; in me he placed no sort of confidence. In despair, he was on the verge of giving up the cause he had espoused, when he saw Juliana Sendon bounding towards him; health and benevolence blushing on her cheek, and sparkling in her eye. She took him by the arm as she was wont, and begged him to shew her some pretty walk. In his strolls he had marked the country for many miles round, and could select the bold, the soft, the romantic or the terrific, as it suited the fancy of his interesting companion. A lucky thought darted across his mind at the moment

she made her request: he gently led her to the cottage of old Cuthbert; Adelaide came out to meet him. Juliana heard the whole of this little history with tears, tears which flowed from a double cause, the sorrows of the Cottagers was one, but their chief source was an ardent admiration of the goodness, generosity, and delicacy of Gustavus. When she came to converse with Adelaide she was quite thunderstruck: she visited her every day, and begged to be allowed the gratification of calling her by the name of friend: Adelaide blushed consent. Juliana played over all her fascinating arts to captivate her father, and Sir George, who lived but in her smiles, asked what he could do to contribute to her happiness? She seized the propitious moment, threw herself at his feet, and conjured him, as he valued her peace

of

of mind, to exert his influence in the behalf of Cuthbert. Sir George clasped her to his heart; a stream of rapture gushed down his cheek as he complied with this request.

He had great difficulty in diverting my father from the plans of vengeance he had been contriving for the humiliation of the old soldier. To submit, in any way, to an inferior, was an idea most painful to his pride. Such, however, were the advantages which circumstances had placed in the power of the Baronet, that he found himself almost compelled to comply with his requests: Cuthbert was therefore released from every perplexity. Gustavus, the agent of all the good which had thus taken place, only wished to remain in obscurity: he knew he was no favorite at home, and feared that his interference might prove an injury to those he

he wished to serve. He had some reason; for where partiality is shewn in families, errors are sure to cloud and darken the faculties of all parties concerned: every thing is seen through a false medium; the passions are roused but the judgment is perverted: confusion, hatred, jealousy, and mischief are the bitter fruits of the ungracious seed!! The time was arriving when my brother was to return to his academy. Juliana grew restless and uneasy: he had been her friend and her companion; from him she had no secrets. Her father always supplied her with as much money as she desired: she now grew eager to obtain all she could. Arm in arm, they every day strolled to the cottage of Cuthbert: there she enquired of her sister (the appellation she had now given to Adelaide) the state of all the neighbouring tenantry.

Gustavus sometimes went by himself on the same search, and brought her the little histories of all the unfortunates he had met with in his tour.

CHAPTER IV.

SUCH was the account I received
from Adelaide: Oh! how bitter then
were my self-reproaches! It is true
that I was unconscious of having done
any *harm*; but how vile, how nega-
ive a praise did this appear, in contra-
tdistinction to the godlike attributes of
doing good? My bed of sickness had
been to me my best school of humani-
ty. From the hour that Adelaide con-
cluded her little history, I formed a fix-
ed and solemn resolution to examine
my heart and model it anew; to make
every concession to my brother, and
never to be at rest till I had regain-

ed his confidence and secured his affections. I clearly saw that our mutual coldness had originated in the mismanagement of others. I flattered myself it was not yet too late for the accomplishment of these delightful visions: the voice of nature was new to my ear and every accent vibrated on my heart strings.

My father with his physician visited me every day. No poor wretch dreading the amputation of a limb, ever looked with more anxious enquiry into the face of a surgeon. My feelings were, however, very different from those of ordinary patients: I *feared* my recovery as heartily as they usually *pray* for theirs.

The fatal sentence would tear me from the cottage of Cuthbert; from Adelaide, from all I now held dear on earth. Her sense, her filial piety, her

unassuming feeling manners, had made a convert of me. She sometimes read to me for hours together: then would I rivet my eyes upon her face, to mark the fine, the variegated emotions pencilled by that glorious artist, *Nature*, upon her animated countenance. How did I wish Fate had ordained me her brother, or that Fortune had made her my *Equal*. My Equal! Rash, vain, presumptious man that I was! In every thing she was my SUPERIOR; in all that gave dignity to reason, grace to virtue, or glory to humanity!!! I need scarcely add, that esteem was soon converted into passion. The sad moment at last arrived when the physician declared that in three days time I might be removed with safety to my father's house. I shuddered as he pronounced the fatal sentence. My mother had been amused with a fable of my being

on

on a visit with a young nobleman in the neighbourhood, and thus secured from the anxieties she must otherwise have suffered on my account.

As my time for leaving the cottage approached I was pleased to observe a melancholy sadness pervade the features of its tenants. Adelaide seemed to have lost her usual chearfulness. She would sit for a length of time absorbed in silent thought: I could often hear a sigh escape from the bottom of her heart; and once observed tears in her eyes as they were mournfully turned upon me. The day before I left her, I placed a ring on her finger, and sadly murmured, "I must leave you, "Adelaide: would that my wound "had proved incurable. The sufferings "of this moment exceed all I have "hitherto endured. A few days will

"pass

"pass away, my memory will be obli-
"terated from your mind, and I shall
"then be to Adelaide as though I *ne-*
"*ver had been!*"

Adelaide observed me with an expression which penetrated to my very soul. She mildly reproached me for imagining she could *forget* me: she added, that she would convince me of the injustice I had done her, then opening the port-folio where she kept her drawings, produced a head which I immediately knew to be my own.

"This is traced from *memory,*" said she: "judge then if it is not more retentive than you have imagined."

I was petrified with surprise and pleasure. I seized her hand, whilst I passionately exclaimed, "Am I, am I "then so blest? Does the happy "Mowbray *share* with Gustavus in the "heart of Adelaide?"

She

She blushed and trembled; then with an air of candour and ingenuity, which art could neither imitate nor describe, frankly told me, she felt more interested for *me*, than she had done for my *brother*: she confessed, that it would give her the most sincere satisfaction to *hear* of him, yet she thought that to *know* he was happy would be sufficient for her tranquillity; but that her repose would depend on *seeing* me so. The artless creature then knew not that this was the most ample confession of love.

Unconscious of our actions, we pledged our young and inexperienced hearts to each other. I had plighted my faith to a peasant: I, the son of the proudest man in England!

My father entertained not the least suspicion of this nature: he considered himself and family so highly exalted above the rest of the world, that he

would

would have thought the circumstance *impossible*. Unluckily for his prejudices, my heart had undergone a thorough revolution: every trace of my former opinion was worn away; visions of the most soft, tender, and romantic nature, had seized my soul, and taken possession of its every faculty. I frequently visited at the cottage, where I was ever welcomed with smiles, The fine eyes of Adelaide sparkled as I approached: never was man more honorably, more deeply enamoured. I had not courage to drop one hint of this before my parents: such a confession would have ruined my hopes for ever! My prospects of reconciliation with my brother, too, were all most unhappily frustrated. A new theme of dispute had arisen from his lofty disposition. He was now arrived at an age when it was necessary that some provision should be made for him.

him: a very advantageous proposal presented itself which was to forward him in the army, but money was requisite for the accomplishment of it. He was now so accustomed to live with Colonel Raynall, that the worthy veteran viewed him in the light of a son. Had he possessed the wanted sum, Gustavus need not have made application to any one; but this not being the case, he wrote his desires to his parents. My father had great projects in my favor then revolving in his brain; to them he had consecrated every guinea he could raise: he was, therefore, unwilling to spare so much to a younger son. Unknown to me, and not content with refusing his petition, he accompanied his denial with expressions which stung him to the soul. He sent an answer, which purported that he would no longer be considered a bur-

then

then on any of his relatives, and from that moment gave up every claim on all who were connected with him. Shortly afterwards we received a letter from Colonel Raynall, informing us that the high-minded young man had suddenly left his house and was gone—he knew not *whither*. My heart died within me on the reception of these melancholy tidings. He had flown from me, and without knowing how much I both loved and admired him! He had every reason to think me selfish, mean, and ungenerous; that he had been denied the *necessaries* of life, to pamper me in *luxuries!* Innocent as I was, I was shocked to think of his treatment. I communicated all these regrets to my lovely Adelaide. She shed many a precious tear to the memory of her young benefactor; but, at the same time, comforted me with assurances which tended

ded more to lighten that dead weight with which my heart was oppressed, than all the labored arguments of Philosophy could have effected. Cuthbert wished to Heaven he knew *where* he was, that he might have immediately conveyed his little all to him. Spite of the jargon of would-be sceptics and philosophers, the heart of man is *naturally* prone to gratitude, and kindness to inferiors is seldom seed cast on a barren soil! Time at length soothed our regrets; but a storm was now gathering which seemed to menace the destruction of our tranquillity.

My father, one morning, called me into his study, and, in a long discourse, recapitulated all he had done for me from my childhood; told me how much both the world and himself would now expect from me; and concluded by informing

forming me, that he was in daily expectation of the arrival of Sir George Sendon, requesting me to hold myself in readiness to accept the hand of Juliana.

I trembled and turned pale. Sternly eyeing me, he thus addressed me: "I
" know, though I have thought pro-
" per to *conceal* my knowledge, of your
" attachment to that cottage girl, that
" Adelaide. I have been silent, be-
" cause I know boys will be foolish,
" and cannot suppose you have any ho-
" norable——"

" How, Sir; and can you think I
" would couple *her* name with *disho-*
" *nor?*"

He measured me from head to foot.
" Mowbray! Mowbray! do I dream?
" Quick answer, marriage? No! no!
" no! you cannot. Swear, this mo-
" ment swear, you *do* not mean it."

I

I hesitated: his frame became convulsed; he hid his face with his hands, heaved a deep groan, and sunk upon a sofa.

CHAP-

CHAPTER V.

When my father recovered from this paroxysm of rage, he wildly rolled his eyes around the room. I approached and gently tried to soothe his agitated spirits. He started from my touch as if he had come in contact with a serpent: he raved like a mad person, accusing me of baseness, perfidy, and ingratitude. When the storm of his passion had subsided he burst into tears, declaring he was justly punished for his behaviour to a son who had never either offended or disgraced him. I threw myself on my knees, and with swimming eyes besought him to compose

pose himself, as it wrung me to the soul to see him thus affected. I acknowledged that my brother was an object infinitely more worthy his attentions than myself, and offered to make any legal surrender of my own claims in his favor. This concession was of no avail: I was his *eldest* son: I might sign away the fortune to another; but *fortune* was not the *object* of Sir George Sendon. I was Heir-at-Law to Lord Rothvale, neither his Lordship nor his brother having any children. Sir George's heart was fixed on the earldom: the *title*, not the *man*, was his principal object.

'Though affected by my father's sorrow, I could not avoid thinking that sorrow rather unreasonable. Had attachment to me been his *sole* motive, I could willingly have sacrificed every hope, every wish of my heart to his felicity;

licity; but it was too evident that he wished to devote my happiness to the shrine of his own ambition. He had been persuaded that I considered Adelaide as my mistress, and therefore flattered himself that a slight pension would have adjusted every difficulty.

To all I could now say he only replied by asking the following question in a voice like thunder:

"Will you SWEAR to marry Juliana?"

No evasion would answer the purpose. I endeavoured to retire. He caught me by the arm, and employed every method disappointment and fury could suggest. Had he tried the force of tenderness, I had been lost; the tempest was my safeguard. I broke from his grasp, was rushing out of the room: he knelt down, clasped his hands together, and was beginning to imprecate

imprecate a curse on my head. My blood curdled. "Hold! oh, hold!" I shrieked in an accent of horror, and clasping his knees dropped down before him. When my mother entered the room a ray of hope warmed my heart. "She is a woman (said I to myself), "kind, good, and gentle; she can feel "for my situation with a woman's ten- "derness: a better advocate, or one "more qualified to plead my cause, I "cannot have."—I was mistaken, however, in the estimation I had formed. My mother had many virtues; but she was a mate for my father in that error which lost the angels Paradise.

Her pride could only be equalled by that of her husband. When she heard the origin of the tumult which had taken place, her indignation went even beyond *his*: her anger, indeed, was not so *loud*; but, her silence rendered

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her resentments more deep and more terrific. Summoning all the dignity she could muster, she exhorted her lord not to degrade himself by making farther conditions with a son who was capable of acting as I had done; then calmly led him out of the room, telling me, as they disappeared, that unless I thought fit to appease the parental affection I had violated, I had nothing either to hope or expect from any interference of *hers* in my behalf. With these parting injunctions they left me to my contemplations. All that had hitherto passed of my life now seemed like the broken fragments of some unconnected dream. How horrid was the alternative my fate now set before me! To live under the curses of those to whom I owed my being! great Heaven! the thought was *dreadful!!!* Could there be a pang so keen? Oh, yes,

yes, there was. I felt there was. What! renounce my Adelaide for ever! give up my hand to another, when every wish, hope, and object of my heart was hers, and hers *alone!* See her no more!—impossible! Half frantic with contending passions, I rushed out of the house. I roved in vacancy: a gate impeded my passage; it was Cuthbert's. I entered, scarce conscious where I was or what I was doing. I found Adelaide at her needle; she smiled on me at my entrance, and the sweet simplicity of her countenance ran like iron through my heart. She told me her father had been just summoned by a servant to our house. I now saw that all was at stake: I well knew neither promises nor threats would be spared to influence the mind of Cuthbert. I felt that a sentence would in a few short moments be pronounced that might for

 ever

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ever tear me from my Adelaide. I cast myself at her feet, told her the whole of my calamitous story, and conjured her to fly with me to some spot, where, unmolested by the prejudices of the ill-judging, I might make her my own, by the nearest, dearest, and tenderest of titles. Heaven, I was sure, would never abandon two hearts, pure and guileless as ours: industry would enable us to brave distress, and that thousands of families were, at that moment, supporting themselves by their own efforts. I concluded by calling heaven to witness, in the most solemn manner, that honest indigence with her would to me be infinitely preferable to every luxury without her. She was moved, she was affected by my sorrows. I caught her in my arms: she hung on my neck: I felt her tears trickling on my face. Oh heaven, what a sensation was that! As

I strained her to my bosom the door suddenly flew open. Adelaide looked wildly round the room: it was Cuthbert; it was her father who stood before her. Pale, breathless, and disordered, he stammered out: "you "must leave this house, you must enter "it *no more.*"

"Cuthbert! my father! my friend!"

"Young man! young man! But I "will not upbraid you. No! no! the "fault has been equally mine. It was "the height of folly not to know, "that friendship for me and my son "was quite out of the question: I "should have remembered that you "were young and my daughter——"

"An angel," cried I.

"Aye, young Sir, an angel she *is*, "though I her father say so; and little "as your family may think of the "daughter of Cuthbert, she has had

 "offers

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" offers from . . . . No more of that.—
" She is descended from a race—but I
" would not affront you.—Well, well:
" your father, Sir, has just sent for me;
" he accuses me of wishing to *entrap* his
" son into a marriage which would dis-
" grace his family. My daughter *dis-*
" *grace!* the proud! but he is your fa-
" ther; the father of Gustavus. I have
" told him he may set his heart at rest:
" I have a spirit high as his own. I
" have pledged my word to him that
" you come no more to my cottage:
" then, Sir, as you value the honor of
" a soldier, or the reputation of a sol-
" dier's child, I beg that we may never
" see your face again."

I turned my eye on Adelaide, and we surveyed each other with looks that mocked description. At that moment Frederick entered the cottage: he gazed with astonishment, as he surveyed the

the statues of dumb despair which stood before him. His father related all that had happened. "Father! father! you "are too hasty," said he: "I know "they love each other, and why should "you perplex them so?"

"*Why!* do not his family despise "us?"

"Well, father, and who is to blame "for that? poor Mowbray does not "despise us. Only look at him: his "heart is ready to break. Would you "kill *him* for what his father does? "Now, that seems to me, just as if I "was to beat our lamb, because the "sheep had broke through the hedge."

I saw that Frederick was my friend. I grasped him by the hand. Cuthbert stood musing and suspended. He looked me and his daughter wistfully in the face: he saw that the sorrows there depicted were not *feeble* ones: he was

 agitated,

agitated, he leaned his grey head downward and hid his face in his hands. I hoped that the ice at his heart was beginning to thaw. At that instant I caught the eye of Adelaide: we both approached and dropped on our knees before him. He felt the force of the appeal nature made to his heart: he advanced, extended his arms over our heads in the attitude of blessing us, when.... "DISHONORABLE TRAITOR!" thundered forth a voice, which rivetted us all to the spots where we were placed. I raised my eyes, and saw those of my father glaring full in the face of Cuthbert, with an expression which at once conveyed the idea of anger, sarcasm, and resentment. The cottage was in a moment filled with servants. Cuthbert listened, calm and undaunted, to the injurious epithets which were poured upon him. When the torrent had

had subsided, he raised his head with inexpressible dignity, and spoke as follows:

"Your conduct, Sir, has released
"me from a promise, which I *now* own
"has been painful to me. You are a
"man like myself: I shall therefore
"make no more concessions; bind
"myself by no more promises. The
"young people who now stand before
"us are equal in the eyes of their Cre-
"ator, they shall henceforward be so
"in mine. Heaven has allowed to all
"the right of selection, and to heaven
"I cheerfully submit."

I must own, this speech comforted my heart, much as I felt for my father's sufferings. He smiled contemptuously at Cuthbert and pointed to me. On the instant I felt myself suddenly elevated on the shoulders of his servants. Every effort at speaking was in vain.

 They

Thy tore me away, with a violence not to be resisted: a carriage was at the door of the cottage; they hurried me quickly into it. I was incapable of speaking, much more so of resisting the rough treatment I encountered.

CHAPTER VI.

My suspense was eased when I found that the chariot stopped at the door of our own mansion. I entered my little study with the sullen dignity of sorrow: but what was my surprise, when I saw iron bars attached to my windows! I eagerly demanded, whether I was a prisoner in my father's house? One of the servants answered me firmly, but respectfully, that strict orders had been given for the alterations which had taken place in the apartment; and that it would be as much as his own, or any of his fellow servants lives were worth, to suffer me to quit

this chamber without the permission of their master. The man then retired, and I heard him carefully slide a large bolt on the outside of the door. My lovely Adelaide now gave me a thousand alarms for her safety: if I was thus hardly used, what might not she be destined to endure? I felt my soul sicken at the thought. My head grew light. I shrieked out her name till fainting nature could support the strife no longer: I then fell into a torpor, an apathy more mournfully terrible than all the agonies which had hitherto lacerated my heart. I must spare the recollection of the dreadful week I then passed. During this time I saw no human countenance, save that of the servant who brought me my solitary meal. Even he was not allowed to converse with me, and the use of pen, ink, and paper, was positively denied me. Oh, soli-

solitude! solitude! thou wert not made for man! Hermits and sages have praised, have practised, yet they never *truly* loved thee. No! no! pride may have made them carry on the solemn farce, in hope of admiration from a staring multitude; but their hearts must have belied their boastings: they have envied the beggar, who, after passing through his day of degradation, cold, and hunger, could retire to a circle of faces like his own, record his sufferings, and relieve them by the drop of holy pity.

In contemplations of this nature did I employ many hours of my confinement. Lucky was it for me that I could sometimes steady my imagination with these sorts of disquisitions; had it not been thus diverted, solitude and disappointed love had urged me on to *madness.* My mother at length came

to visit me: she appeared somewhat softened, but still spoke of my attachment to Adelaide with the most indignant loftiness. She told me, she had at length, with much difficulty, prevailed on my father to see me, and advised me to make a generous struggle, by sacrificing my own happiness to that of a parent, whose very anger towards me arose from the excess of his affection. I could not help saying: "Ah! " madam, rather call it his *ambition;* " an ambition which would violate the " sacred rights of love, of nature, of " humanity." Her reply chilled my very heart. " Well, *be it* ambition, " since you *will* have it so, ungrateful " Mowbray. What are you to gain " by a resistance to his wishes? You " must irritate *him*, expose *yourself* to " a life of dreary solitude, and heap

eternal

"eternal poverty and sorrow on the "head of Adelaide."

Ah! there the blow was felt. My Adelaide! my soul! my all! And could I have exposed her to want and sorrow? *her*, for whose lightest wish I could have died with joy? At this moment my father entered. He extended his hand: upon my knees I pressed it to my parched and burning lips, in broken-hearted humility. He calmly raised me, and after many heart-rending expressions, told me, he hoped I by this time saw the full folly of my conduct: that it was not yet too late for penitence, as he came to rouse me from my error and open the door of my prison.

He then desired me to speak and decide my own destiny. After a moment of reflection I solemnly replied, that nothing could ever eradicate my sense of

of filial duty from my heart. I acknowledged the rights of parental authority: that I owed my *life* to him; but that heaven had endowed me with a gift more valuable than life itself, the freedom of the *mind*. I urged my promises, my *oaths*.

That excuse, he told me, should no longer serve to countenance me in my rebellion. He rung the bell distinctly thrice. A cold dew burst from my forehead: I earnestly gazed on the countenances of my father and mother; but all there was dark, mysterious, and *terrific*.

A servant answered the signal my father had given. A man followed him, muffled up in a cloak. He uncovered his face—it was Cuthbert.

I collected all my spirits. In a few seconds after Adelaide came in; pale, trembling, her hair flowing wildly over her

her shoulders. My mother addressed her as she rose to meet her: "You are "a sweet girl, and are come in time "to give a fit lesson to a very unwor-"thy young man. We will not dis-"tress your feelings by our presence; "only remember your *promise* and be "*firm*."

My parents quitted the apartment. Adelaide raised her tearful eyes to mine: her feelings were too much for her, and she hid her beautiful head in the bosom of her father. I ran towards her, and passionately seizing her hand, devoured it with my kisses.

"You leave me, then, Adelaide? "You abandon me for ever? I see, "I read, I feel it in your looks!!!"

"Ah my beloved, my still revered "Mowbray, speak not with such re-"proach to your poor heart-broken "Adelaide! I was lately resolved to

"share

" share my sad fate with you, and *join* " to pay the forfeit of our luckless " loves. I have now thought better, " and am resolved (wishing you every " felicity) to be the *only* victim of the " error I have so fondly cherished."

" Felicity! what's that! without " *thee?* Oh barbarous! barbarous " Adelaide!"

Assuming an air of indescribable dignity, she then *released* me from all my vows; and added, that by removing herself for ever from my sight, she hoped my heart and mind would in time regain their wonted tranquillity, and my family be restored to the repose she had so unfortunately disturbed .... Ye who have feelings, *ye* can conceive my agonies!!! All my tears, all my prayers, were ineffectual. Adelaide, convinced she had an heroic duty to go through, was determined to

perform

perform it like *herself*. I addressed her mournful, sobbing father:

"Oh, Cuthbert! Cuthbert! plead "for me, save me: snatch me from "the horrors that surround me!"

He folded me to his heart, and with mingled tears and groans replied:

"Alas! alas! you touch me to the "quick. You know how much I once "loved you: how fondly I once che- "rished the idea of . . . But I was "vain: I was foolish. *Misery* must "be the consequence of your perseve- "rance: misery to my child and *ruin* "to myself."

These last words acted like an electrical stroke upon Adelaide. She collected all her fortitude and spoke as follows:

"Saints and Angels witness, my "dear Mowbray, how much this part- "ing shocks me; but an imperious "duty

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" duty now calls upon me for exertion.
" At this moment a carriage is waiting
" to bear me from you *for ever*. Re-
" solutely I enter it: resolutely I retire.
" Yet whatever be my fate" . . . .
Unwilling tears choaked her utterance. She was recovered by the entrance of a servant, who in a low tone announced that the vehicle was ready. Trembling every limb, she regarded me.

" Adieu! adieu! my hour is come!" she cried: Cuthbert, violently moved, could scarcely support her as she fell back in his arms.

I could not stir. My feet were rooted, as by some unseen power, to the spot were I stood.

" Oh *night!* oh *death!*" was all I could exclaim. Shadows danced before my eyes: I caught the servant by the arm: I could scarcely distinguish any thing. I strained my eyes to catch the

the last glimpse of Adelaide, as she floated out of the apartment.

The servant reached me a glass of water; I swallowed it, and it revived me. My sight began to clear; but the only object which could delight or charm it, was vanished, gone, fled, for ever!!!

Misery; universal triumphant misery! could thy malice be carried farther? Impossible!

CHAP-

CHAPTER VII.

A mournful silence, a suspension of every faculty of my soul, followed the melancholy event I have just been relating. I spoke not; I heeded not any thing which passed around me. A fever followed. My father, my mother, and several of the domestics came to my bed-side; but they glided in and out like unheeded shadows. My heart was chill, cold as marble: not so my frame, that was all one furnace.

My illness abated, but left a languor upon me for many weeks. I was reduced to more than woman's weakness: the jarring of a door made me start, the

the slightest accent of tenderness melted me to tears. I sat for hours together staring on the fire, and would there fancy shapes that fed the deep, the full despair and desolation that possessed me. My parents at times seemed to mourn the dejection they had occasioned. The physician declared that nothing but temporary dissipation could remove the alarming symptoms my health was attacked with. A journey to London was proposed. All places were alike to me, and I readily complied. I left the habitation of my ancestors without a sigh: the proud pile had charms for my parents, to me it had *none*.

We passed the cottage of *Cuthbert;* it was almost a *ruin.* The windows were broken, the honeysuckles lay neglected on the ground; all was sad as the sigh I heaved from the bottom of my heart. I saw London

don

don without emotion. We put up at a large hotel were Sir George and his daughter were waiting for us.

It was now some time since I had seen Juliana: her figure was improved, and she might with justice have been termed a beautiful young woman. But what was beauty *now* to me? We were coldly civil to each other, but we were no more. Sir George Sendon observed this formality in our manners, and glanced some very significant looks towards my father: the young lady herself appeared pleased with my indifference.

Colonel Raynall was now in town. He waited on my parents and was coldly received. I contrived, however, to take him apart, and inquire whether he had gleaned any tidings relative to my brother. With tears in his eyes, he assured me he had made every in-

quiry

quiry concerning him, but to no purpose. The winter rolled on in all the frivolous amusements of the metropolis. My father insisted on my attending Sir George and his daughter to several public places; but I carried thither nothing but a melancholy countenance and an aching heart. From what was going forward, I could not avoid thinking that my father was duping his friend with hopes, it was never my intention to consummate. What could I do? Miss Sendon was so cold and so reserved in her deportment towards me, that I dared not open my mind to *her*. Nothing could exceed the perplexities of my situation: I was perpetually compelled to appear in public with Juliana, and public report was thus corroborated. This farce was carried on through two whole years.

A heavy gloom saddened her coun-

 tenance;

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nance; and the frequent sighs which escaped her, when unobserved by her father, gave evident tokens that all was not well in her bosom. The third winter we spent in London; the news-papers announced our marriage. I could no longer endure the idea of acting with duplicity; I therefore resolved to *write* those sentiments to Miss Sendon, which diffidence forbad my *uttering* to her face. I sat down, thetefore, with an aching heart and trembling hand, and, after many blottings and tearings, produced the following epistle:

"*To Miss Juliana Sendon.*

"MADAM,

"The subject on which I am
" now compelled to write is of a na-
" ture so very delicate, I am really at
" a loss in what terms to address you.
" You may have heard, amiable Miss
" Sendon,

"Sendon, of the disputes which have "arisen in our family. I cannot imagine you ignorant of the *origin* of "these disputes: permit me, therefore, "to say, your coldness and silence on "the subject has much amazed and "surprised me. With Adelaide, who "has been torn from me by the violence of my friends, I have lost every "hope, every felicity of life; wherever she may be, my heart is with her. "What, then, have I to offer any other "woman? A *hand*, which would be "the pledge of falsehood! No, lovely Juliana, when I descend so low, "it shall not be to a heart stored with "virtue like *yours*: it must be to "some dull, selfish mortal, willing to "barter truth and happiness for *interest*. "If your father is in an error, undeceive him, I conjure you. I have no "apprehensions on your *own* account;

"for, though unconscious of having
"merited your coldness, your man-
"ners have been marked too strongly
"to be mistaken by me. You are at
"liberty to read this letter to your pa-
"rent, should you think it expedient:
"and I beg, unhappy as I am, ever to
"be considered,

"Your faithful friend,

"M. L."

It grieved me sincerely to be under the sad necessity of thus constantly pulling down the airy fabrics my parents took such fond delight in raising: but to Adelaide my soul was devoted; Love and Nature had stamped the dear image in my heart, and time only tended to deepen the impression. Miss Sendon's answer to my appeal at length arrived; it was as follows:

"SIR,

"Sir,

"You have, indeed, proved "yourself a man of honor: you have "every right to my *confidence*. I need "not *tell* you, both our fathers are bent "on this unlucky match. What is to "be done? Indulgent on every other "subject, in *this instance* Sir George is "*inflexible*. I have urged every thing; "your love of Adelaide: he answers, "that he is assured you never meant to "*marry* her. . . . I knew, I admi-"red her virtues: judge, then, my "sentiments of that man, who could "abandon so much truth and purity. "This error is now cleared up, and I "again acknowledge the brother of "Gustavus. What I have said will "account for any seeming coldness in "my manners; I now securely con-"fide in your honor. If you can think "of any *mild* measures to put a period

"to this perplexing affair, you may
"rely on every aid

"From your friend,
"J. SENDON."

A melancholy circumstance took place which for a time delayed all explanation. This was the *death* of my mother: that family pride, the source of so many calamitous circumstances to us all, occasioned her dissolution. She was one evening at a large assembly: the room was uncommonly hot: she had ordered her coachman at a certain hour, and the man who had rather overstaid his time, was in such haste to make up for his neglect, that he drove with violence against another vehicle and shattered the windows of his *own* to shivers. The footman gave intimation of the accident. Some young ladies who were present, offered

to set my mother down, as they resided in her vicinity. They were the daughters of a very honest and honorable man, who had made a splendid fortune by his mercantile pursuits. My poor mother's pride took the alarm: she feared an exchange of visits might follow the acceptance of this well-intended offer. She coldly rejected the proffered civility, and caught her death from the rain and damp air which poured upon her through the fractured panes. Her illness revived a thousand painful ideas which had lain dormant in my mind. I had hurt her by my obstinacy: I was sorry for it; I would willingly have now devoted my own life for the preservation of *hers*. She seemed moved by my attentions; but, to the last struggle, persevered in the plans which had been formed by my father and herself. She charged me, if ever I again saw

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my brother, to let him know that she bequeathed him her forgiveness and her blessing. She wished her fortune had been larger, that she might have left him some more *solid* token of regard: as it *was*, the dignity of an honorable house must *precede* all other considerations.

Peace be to her shade! her virtues were many, and she had but *one foible*: she had *prejudices* which operated against my own peculiar feelings; but I proudly avow, that the turf which covers her sacred remains, covers, at the same time, the relics of truth, honour, charity, sense, and piety.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VIII.

At the period of my mother's decease, I had nearly attained my twenty-third birth-day. The decencies of the world prevented my father from insisting on the subject of my fears for some time after this melancholy event. I could observe, however, that Sir George grew evidently uneasy: he had many disputes with Juliana. That she should be thus exposed, on *my* account, was a subject of regret to me. I bade her be of comfort, for, that immediately on the expiration of the twelve-months alloted to mourning for my mother, I would release her from all her troubles by insisting

sisting on coming to an explanation with Sir George, who, I could perceive, had carefully been kept in ignorance of the real state of my heart. This event she most earnestly desired. She dared not come to this point herself, well knowing how passionately her father's heart was fixed on an intermarriage between the families. Hundreds of parents are daily to be met with, who, like the Baronet, would cheerfully sacrifice almost any thing to gratify their children; destroy their *own* comforts to indulge their most trifling *caprices*; yet will not allow them to adduce *one* argument upon a topic, where no less than their happiness or misery for *life* is concerned. This is a paradox "to "which the time gives proof."

A year rolled heavily away, when my father dropped his mourning, and entered with more eagerness than ever

into his former ambitious projects. He was frequently closeted with his friend, and I was convinced from their looks and manners, that I must prepare myself with fortitude for the scenes which were about to take place. I was sent for one day by my father, and he thus addressed me:

"Mowbray Landford: after my patient indulgence of all your former " follies, I trust that my paternal affection can never be suspected. I " have sacrificed *one* of my sons to the " pride I felt in making *you* the supporter of my house. How you have " returned my fondness it would pain " me to repeat: you have lacerated my " heart by an attachment to a young " woman, who though, I trust, removed for ever from your sight, I cannot remember without sentiments of " the most lively indignation.—Nay,

"I command your silence: it is not "now a time for *argument.* Near two "years have been given you to rumi- "nate on your past errors: yet remem- "ber, that even the forbearance of "Heaven may be exhausted at last. I "now tell you, that I am indebted in "large sums of money to Sir George "Sendon. I have no chance, NO HOPE "of saving myself, but by your mar- "riage with his daughter. If you com- "ply, I may yet hold my rank, my "station in society: if not, I must "FLY MY COUNTRY. I, Mowbray "Landford! next heir to the title of "Rothvale, must sculk, a dishonorable, "an abandoned fugitive."

I shuddered.—He proceeded.

"If every drop of blood does not "boil within your veins while I am "speaking, your are no *Landford,* but "some *cheat,* some changeling, imposed

"on

"on me and the lamented woman now
"in Heaven!"

He then firmly read a contract of marriage, and nominated that day three months for the ceremony. I stood aghast, confounded; at that moment I would have given worlds could the earth have opened and swallowed me. A father's fate hung trembling in the scales: a father, too, who had *ruined* himself on my account. To support the dignity of an eldest son, he had plunged himself into expenses which had consumed his means. What was I to do? Adelaide was still triumphant in my heart. He saw me hesitating: he pressed me hard for my answer. I was struggling between the agonies of doubt and fear, when the door flew open and Colonel Raynall entered. He begged us pardon for the liberty he had taken, but hoped the

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the urgency of his business would plead his excuse.

"What business, Colonel?" ejaculated my father, vexed at an interruption at so important a crisis. "Your son, "Gustavus, is *found*," rejoined he with a look of doubt. "Indeed, indeed! Co-"lonel! where is he? Bring me to him: "let me acknowledge my past injustice "to him; ask his forgiveness. I have "used him ill, Colonel; but I have "suffered for my fault: the viper is no "longer a *fable*. Where, where is he?"

The honest Colonel, rejoicing to see the sentiments of nature reviving in the favour of his young friend, eagerly quitted the room, saying Gustavus should be forthcoming in a few hours. He was no sooner gone than my father darted a glance of mingled exultation and defiance at me. He told me his mind was now at rest, since he found he *had* a son.

He

He bade me remember that he had every right to dispose of his property, and that the bare *title* of Rothvale was all I was likely to inherit independent of his will and pleasure. Affection, he added, *still* pleaded in my favor, and he was unwilling to give the preference to a brother, hitherto considered in every respect so much my inferior; but that he was resolved no longer to act with injustice towards one, who had hitherto never disgraced him, in favor of a youth who took every opportunity of thwarting all his wishes. I earnestly conjured him to make every compensation to my brother for the hardships he had suffered, and at the same time expressed my readiness to resign every pretension of my own in his favor. I was about to remind him, that his own prejudices, and no *persuasions* of mine, had exposed Gustavus to the trials he had met with;

with; but respect and duty checked the sentiment as it rose. All my humility was not of the least avail; he bade me, sternly, quit his presence, and retire to my own room, where he would send me his written orders. I obeyed him, and, as I gained my chamber, met Miss Sendon hastening to the apartment I had just left. Joy sparkled in her eye.

"Your brother! your brother!" she exclaimed, in accents of gladness, and darted like lightning by me.

I now felt the scene reversing. That Gustavus was the rising sun, to whom every one would soon pay their devotions. I loved him, I esteemed him; yet at the *present* instant could not help a wish to *avoid* him. We had not been cordial when I was the *first* object; then *now* to be so, would have shewn like magnanimity on *his* side, and mean-

ness

ness on *mine.* No! no! cried I, wiping away a tear, he *would* not suffer me to be dear to him in former times, he *shall* not now. Let me *act* a part foreign to my nature. I had hardly time to make these reflections, before a letter was brought me by a servant. It was from my father, and couched in the following terms:

"As you have made no scruples in "giving me *your* determinations, you "will not be surprised to find me reso-"lute in letting you know *mine.* I suf-"fer no child to act in disobedience to "my commands. I enclose you a bill "for one hundred pounds, with a re-"quest, that if I do not see you in *one* "hour ready to comply with my wishes, "I may *never* see you more. Should "you persist in your present opinions, "I shall have an occasion for your a-"partment *this* EVENING.

"MOWBRAY LANDFORD."

My mind was soon made up. Desirous of not experiencing any humiliation from my brother's acknowledged generosity, I resolved to leave the field open to him. I saw that he was destined to fill my place in the affections of my father, and the heart of Juliana. Happy man! thy love was all I envied. Were Adelaide but mine, thought I, poverty would be a burthen I could bear with smiles. My lot was hard: bred in the lap of luxury, I was now a *wanderer* on the face of the earth. No hope to cheer the deadly sickness at my heart! I yet determined to support my fall with dignity. I would not let Juliana know my destination, convinced she would find her feelings concerned in raising the interest of my brother in my favor. I determined then to take my departure in silence. The servants were rejoicing at the return of

Gustavus: every one seemed eager to review a countenance once so dear, and which absence had rendered still more precious to them. What a contrast to *my* situation! The domestics however, I am convinced, did not, at that time, know of my disgrace; I could not, therefore, blame their happiness.

I gave one of them the following note to my parent; and then, with a heavy heart, launched into the wide world without rudder or compass.

To Mowbray Landford, Sen. Esq.

"Yes, honored Sir, your com-
"mands are now *obeyed*. I do not pre-
"sume to blame them. You have been
"kind, you have been good to me. I
"am unhappy; but, trust me, I ever
"loved and respected you. May Gus-
"tavus make you amends for all my
"errors!

"errors! I shall put up my nightly "prayers to heaven for your health and "happiness! 'Till the last struggle of "expiring mortality, I shall ever be "your dutiful,

"Affectionate,

"Unfortunate,

"MOWBRAY LANDFORD."

CHAP-

CHAPTER IX.

I was now in the midst of a vast metropolis, without any prospect of a future livelihood. Among all the crowds who had bowed and smiled at me in my father's drawing-room, I did not know *one* person to whom, in my present embarrassed state of affairs, I could apply for comfort, counsel, or relief.

I determined to conceal my name, and hide myself, if possible, from all who had known me in my prosperous days. I wandered from street to street, without meeting any one countenance I had ever seen before. At length the shadows of evening made me recollect

that

that it was now high time for me to think of providing myself with a lodging for the night. I walked almost mechanically into a coffee-room in the heart of the city. I resolved to take up my residence hereabouts, as I knew none of my family or acquaintance frequented that part of the town. I walked into this coffee-house, and asked, whether I could be accommodated with a bed? I was answered in the affirmative, and shewn to an apartment. My night was past in very serious meditations. I had now to consider of the sources from whence I was to draw my subsistence. In vain did I rack my invention and put my imagination to the torture. I rose in the morning fevered and undecided. I walked into the public room, and called for breakfast and a newspaper. The politics of the day interested me but little; and,

while I was listlessly running over the columns, the following advertisement caught my eye.

"Any young man, with a tolerable "knowledge of the French and Ita-"lian languages, and who has no ob-"jection to leaving England for a year "or two, may hear of something to "his advantage, by directing a letter "to Z. B. at the Post-Office."

A ray of hope shot athwart my mind on the perusal of this paragraph: the prospect it held forth had little to charm in the *distance*, yet was something to a man in my forlorn circumstances. Crossed by fortune and by love, to *live* was all that now was needful to me, and I heeded no *how* nor *where*. I instantly dispatched a letter, as appointed in the advertisement, stating my pretensions to the situation there offered. I waited at the coffee-house two suc-

cessive

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cessive days for an answer, and, on the third, received an intimation that I might wait upon the Honorable Mr. Blazon. I attended at the appointed time, and was sometimes kept waiting for hours together and then desired to call again. To me this draught of dependence was a bitter one. Mowbray Landford, the son of one of the proudest men in England, an eldest son, dancing attendance and soliciting for a place! What a school for pride! what a lesson for arrogance! Such things *have* happened, and such things *may* happen again.

At length, however, the Honorable Mr. Blazon made his appearance. He was tall, well made, and appeared to be about fifty-two years of age. His form seemed more debilitated by dissipation than impaired by age. His manners were courteous; but he had not that courtesy which springs from the

the *heart*: and through all his assumed urbanity and shackled graces, a pedantic stiffness shewed, that while the *head* was at work the *feelings* were asleep. I learned from him that he was going abroad for two years to inspect his concerns at *Tobago*; that he had many *foreign* correspondents, and, not understanding French and Italian, was obliged to keep some person to execute that department. As he was soon to set sail, he had not been able to make the requisite inquiries himself, and had been, therefore, advised to *advertise* in the public prints. He was pleased with my appearance, and promised to do all in his power to promote my interests. He added, that he would not talk of *salary* at present, fearing to wound my delicacy, which he perceived was great, for it was his wish to

live with me as with a friend and a companion.

The flattery of Mr. Blazon so completely altered my sentiments concerning him, in one short quarter of an hour, that I felt a real affection for him, and considered him as one of the most amiable, liberal, and accomplished gentlemen the world could produce. He even offered me an apartment in his house till we went abroad; but this kind proffer I had many reasons for rejecting. I saw that he was a man of high fashion and very extensive connection: it was probable, therefore, that he might be acquainted with some of the friends of our family, and an encounter with any of *them* would have been one of the most painfully awkard circumstances that could have possibly occurred to me. I had introduced myself to Mr. Blazon under the name of

Mowbray. To obviate every difficulty, therefore, I requested permission to remain in my own apartments till the day of our departure, as I wished to provide myself with many things requisite during so long an absence. After several attempts to persuade me to accept the polite tender he had made, he allowed me to follow my own inclinations, simply exacting a promise from me of calling frequently on him.

His condescension towards me increased with every following interview. He asked me a few distant questions concerning my family, but finding the subject was not a pleasing one to me he did not *urge* it. He was willing, he said, to give me every proof of an unbounded confidence, and would take me under his patronage, without troubling me for references to *any* one, being fully convinced that whatever

disputes I might have had with any of my relatives, the fault must have originated on their parts. A great proof of his trust in me, and a vast compliment, which had only *one* draw-back —it was not *sincere*.

I resolved to quit England without letting any one branch of my family know what was become of me. I depended for the present on the money my father had sent me inclosed in his last note; but Mr. Blazon met with so many obstacles to defer his intended expedition, that I began to fear my little fund would be quite exhausted. The time, at length, arrived when we were to set sail for Tobago. I embarked my goods, and, attending Mr. Blazon with a numerous train of his domestics, bad adieu to my native land. I left but little behind me to regret.

It was now long since I had seen my beloved

beloved Adelaide, and though hopeless of again beholding her, her memory still was dear as ever to my affections. Her picture was the only treasure I now possessed on earth. I often walked the deck at midnight, when the pure blue sky was spangled with the stars: the tranquillity of the scene, was congenial with the melancholy which preyed upon my quiet. There I thought often of the angel who had been torn from my arms, and gave with every thought a tear to the ocean below. Our passage was a tedious one: during our voyage I observed with much concern that the manners of Mr. Blazon gradually altered for the worse. The smile on his features gave way to expressions of a more gloomy kind; and I could now perceive, that he was both feared and hated by all who were connected with him. To me he continued tolerably civil,

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civil, though I could observe that this was an effort which gave him some pain. He was accustomed to see every one tremble in his presence, and the freedom (though ever tempered with respect) with which I constantly addressed him, seemed far from being agreeable to his haughty disposition.

Mr. Blazon, who had established a very lucrative concern at Tobago, found an elegant mansion ready for his reception, where he resided in all the magnificence of Indian splendour. He had correspondents in all the quarters of the globe, and as he resided more in England than any merchant there, it was his department to fill up posts similar to the one he had allotted me. My occupation was by no means an easy one, as I had to translate and answer letters all day long: in return, however, I had splendid rooms in Mr. Blazon's

house, and was attended with the greatest respect. My salary from my employer was not high; but, as all my wishes were gratified at his expense, I had no grounds for complaint.

My patron, Mr. Blazon, was the second son of a nobleman, whose title and fortune, of course, descended to the elder brother: the young man was forced to look out for himself. He obtained a post in the Indies, where he continued for some time. He had the good fortune to make himself agreeable to a young lady, whose father was one of the most considerable traders in Tobago. To marry the daughter of a merchant was disagreeable to young Blazon; but there were so many golden arguments in her favor, that they were irresistible. He led her to the altar of Hymen, and on the death of her father became heir to his whole possessions.

 A fever

A fever soon carried off the lady; though it was generally believed that her real disorder was a broken heart. Mr. Blazon's brother having no children, he looked proudly to his title. Ashamed of his present circumstances, he never mentioned his family to me; nor did I ever, at that time, take the trouble of inquiring into it: I did not even know he had so noble a relative, he having changed his *real* name. On the death of his wife he went to England, where the two brothers had so violent a quarrel, that neither of them would suffer the other to be mentioned before them. My patron made many voyages to and from his native land. At each visit to England, it seems, he left some artless young woman behind him, to deplore his perfidy and her own credulity. Mr. Blazon, in fact, was what *fashionable* men call a *gallant*, and

what

what *honest* people call a *villainous* man. He thought nothing of ruining every poor girl that came in his way. When he had accomplished his ends, he would retire to his Indian possessions without giving any warning to his victims. Just so the spider, after having feasted on his prey, and thrust his poisoned fangs into the bosom of the frighted fly, drags back his odious form into the dark security of his hiding place.

Had I earlier known the character of this man, I would rather have died than have been indebted to him for the slightest assistance; but his art was equal to his atrocity, and I never suspected him till it was too late to *recede:* till I was far from England; till I had no resource but writing to my father or my brother, and *that* I was resolved to avoid at all hazards. As vice was not contagious, I hoped to steer through

my present situation without stooping to any action unworthy my character. He who loves as I loved Adelaide, who feels the *pure* flame of affection for *one* woman, has entered into a sacred compact with the whole sex: he cannot meditate an evil to *any female* without being a traitor to his vows. Such must be the sentiments of every *really* gallant man.—What are *such* gallant men as Mr. Blazon? Haggard in look, crazy, tottering, bending under premature old age.—Are *these* like men of gallantry? Then tear the roses from the cheeks of Cupid, and place the head of a skeleton on his shoulders, the dart of Death in his hand!!!

Mr. Blazon, after a year's residence at Tobago, began to sigh once more for the pleasures and dissipations of London. He talked of parting with his concerns abroad and settling entire-

ly

ly in England. He was detained, however, the best part of a second year in arranging his business. I, of course, can have little interesting to relate during this period; I shall, therefore, come *at once* to the time of my return to my own country, after a residence of near two years abroad, and several months occupied in my passage backwards and forwards.

My patron was all spirits during our voyage homewards. Released from the shackles of a mercantile life, pleasure and ambition were now his guiding stars. He promised to do wonders for me in time to come. I thanked, but resolved to quit him the first opportunity that occurred, being now convinced that his *heart* was selfish, cold, and hollow, his *manners* superficial, and his *principles* detestable. Gladly did I review my native England, after an absence

sence which had rendered my country doubly dear to me. Yes, glorious isle! they who leave thee feel thy blessings doubly. The virtues of thy amiable Monarch, the father of the people, thy laws, thy constitution, Imperial Britain, still continue, the pride, envy, and wonder of the world!

THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVED at Mr. Blazon's house in London, I began to feel very uneasy lest my situation should be traced by any of my family. I made every inquiry in my power, and was glad to learn that they had all left London. Colonel Raynall was the personage who gave me the greatest grounds of uneasiness; but I was relieved by a piece of accidental information of his having retired to his small estate in Scotland. I de-

I determined to keep as close as possible, and flattered myself with the hope of remaining in obscurity, till some chance occurred of providing myself out of the family of Mr. Blazon. He had now *no longer* any need of my services, and I clearly saw that all his former attentions had originated in *interest*, not *respect*. The thought of owing farther obligations to him was a most painful one: he was now too surrounded by parasites and flatterers of every description. I am thus particular in delineating his character, as these sketches are preparatory to an incident of some moment in the memoirs of my life.

He had taken a house newly built, in a large field, four or five miles from London: the situation was *solitary*, but beautiful. Here we sometimes resided, and here, as the green livery of nature was ever more grateful

grateful to me than the gloom and smoke of cities, I passed many happy hours. Mr. Blazon had never, hitherto, injured my feelings by any insulting proposal, and the respect he paid me in this particular tended to alleviate my disgust at my situation. One day, however, he told me in a laughing manner, that he had an affair to communicate to me, in which I might be of some service to him. I bowed. He desired me to suspend my curiosity till after dinner. I readily agreed; as he *flattered* himself very much, when he imagined that I had *any* curiosity on the subject. When the time came, he told me of a number of stories I had heard before, some of which I had slighted as too barbarous for any thing that wore the semblance of a man. He informed me, when he came to the end of his diabolical history, that there was one

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one woman who had baffled all his efforts, but that he felt his pride piqued to get the better of her. He described her as a miracle of perfection in every respect. Though the mere domestic wife of a merchant in the city, she had mortified his vanity, baffled his artifices, and had left him no other resource but violence. He then asked me if I would be concerned in a scheme he meant to frame for bearing off the unhappy woman from her family.

Had a pistol been snapped at my head it could not have startled me half so much. I was dumb with astonishment, until I was relieved by a kind of hysterical laugh. Mr. Blazon, delighted with my apparent mirth, caught me eagerly by the hand, and swore I was one of the best friends he had in the world. I hastily drew back, and coldly told him, that could I make him *blush* for the

the actions he had repeated I should indeed be his *best* friend. "But, Sir," continued I, "perhaps you are only "*jesting?* You cannot, you surely do "not *mean* what you have said?"

"I am not much given to jesting, "Mr. Mowbray, especially with those "who are not my *equals*."

"Mr. Blazon, Mr. Blazon, after "what you have this day told me, I "shall hope your equal is not easy to "be found. Nay, Sir! I heed not your "contemptuous looks; I am an honest "man. Thank Heaven I can lay my "hand on my heart, and say, no helpless woman was ever injured by a "thought of *mine*."

"You are warm, young man."

"I have reason, Mr. Blazon; for "till this hour, no man ever yet attempted to disgrace or to insult me."

Mr. Blazon bit his lips and muttered, "dis-

"disgrace! insult! Oh, very well, very "well, Mr. Mowbray. I admire your "principles, and I wish you joy of them: "you will find them excellent friends "*now-a-days!* I beg, however, that you "will not put yourself to any sort of "inconvenience on my account. When-"ever you may think proper to leave "this house, I can dispense with your "aid: you will never do for a frail "mortal like myself, and my mansion "may hurt your *morals*."

"I understand you thoroughly, Sir, "and, rely upon it, shall not intrude lon-"ger. With regard to my obligations, "allow me to say, that my memory "had never been weak, had not your "own proved too *strong* for it. I must "now take the liberty of stating to you, "that between the employer and the "employed, the benefit is *reciprocal*, "and the payment of a little *money*

"can

" can never give one man a power " over the *feelings* of another. The " labourer is worthy of his hire; and " thus I balance the account between " us: and pray be pleased to remember, " Mr. Blazon, that I never forgot the " respect which was due to you, till you " addressed me in a stile repulsive to my " feelings, my principles, and my ho- " nor."

" Begone," cried he in a fury, " I " want no more of your morality— " leave me!"

I bowed, and immediately went up to my chamber to put my little property together, determined that no consideration should induce me to remain another night in Mr. Blazon's house. I was more sorry for the cause than the effect; and, summing up his character, could not avoid exclaiming—" and is " there such a man?"

I had,

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I had, in the first instance, relied so entirely on the liberality of Mr. Blazon, that at the expiration of nearly three years, I was some pounds poorer than when I left my father's house. My property and Adelaide's miniature, dearer, far dearer, than all the rest put together, was contained in a small black trunk. I immediately conveyed it away with me in a coach, and without taking any leave of my imperious patron, drove to the house of one of the tradesmen to the family, who I knew had a small apartment to let. Here I resolved to wait till that Providence, which fed the Prophet in the Desart, should put the means of earning an honest subsistence in my way. How great was my surprise and agony, when, opening the little red case which held my miniature, I found that the picture was *wanting!* Those *alone*, who, robbed of the

the *society* of a dear friend, have felt the hallowed gratifications of gazing on a semblance, of recalling past scenes of tenderness and affection at every glance, can conceive my grief and my despair!!! Poor as I was I would rather have parted with every shilling I had in the world. The loss of money might be repaired, but my eye had been accustomed to indulge in the dear delight of feasting on this object; and as there was only *one* Adelaide in the world, how was my misfortune to be retrieved!

I racked my recollection, but could find no clue to guide me. Where could my picture be? I never could have *lost* it, because I avoided carrying it out of my own chamber. Had it been stolen from me? that could hardly be the case: it was not richly set, and who would run the risk of shame and punishment for

for a *mere picture*. How then to resolve? I could not venture to return to the house of Mr. Blazon, without appearing meanly to seek a reconciliation with him. That my heart and pride revolted from. Yet I wished to have the apartment I had vacated searched from top to bottom: I wished to do it *myself*. I could hit on no expedient of accomplishing this desire but by an application to one Will Woodford, a servant who had been with us at Tobago. I had been the means of saving this poor fellow's life on our voyage: one day, overpowered with liquor, he had nearly staggered over the deck; but I flew to his aid, caught him by the skirts of his coat as he was descending, and preserved him at no small risk of my *personal* safety. He had ever been grateful, and, during our residence abroad, had watched all my wishes with the most affec-

affectionate assiduity. To this man, then, I resolved to apply; but near a week elapsed before I had any opportunity of letting him know how earnestly I wished to speak with him. The tradesman, with whom I resided, having occasion to go to Mr. Blazon's retired villa, at last conveyed a letter from me to him, and he waited on me immediately.

CHAPTER II.

When honest William saw the distress I was in, the grateful creature sympathised with all my uneasiness. He told me he feared he should not be able to recover my miniature, as Mr. Blazon had ordered my room to be locked up when I left the house; but that, if I would wait in the garden while he went in that evening, he would try to borrow the key of the house-keeper, and make a thorough search through the whole chamber. Impatient for the recovery of the jewel I so much dreaded to lose, I willingly agreed to his proposal, and told William I would not fail being at the

the door of Mr. Blazon's *country-house* by eleven o'clock at night, when I begged him to inform me of the success which had attended his researches. This point being settled between us, I waited with impatience till the evening drew in.

The dusk no sooner began to obscure the surrounding objects, than I anxiously watched the minute-hand of the clock. Nothing except the loss of the dear original had ever affected me so much as having mislaid the copy of her excellencies. All was dark when I left my lodging: my pace was quick, and I was soon four miles off. Scarce a creature was to be seen on the roads. I at length arrived at Blazon Villa; I walked to and fro' for several hours: the clock struck eleven from a distant church: no Woodford! I was lost in suspense. My curiosity was at length

excited by the appearance of a man muffled up in a large coat, a mask on his face and a pistol in his hand. I immediately lowered down and hid myself among some shrubs. The mysterious visitor looked cautiously around, and then gave a deep hollow whistle. Another man, accoutred and armed like himself, came from the public road, and the following dialogue took place in a whisper I could just distinguish.

1st Mask. "Is all safe? does any "thing stir?"

2d Mask. "Not a leaf. Hush! "no; the patrole is off the road."

1st Mask. "This is a cursed business."

2d Mask. "Psha! Nonsense! consider the reward. I dare say that the "gentleman will contrive some way or "other to make matters up with the "lady. However, you know that is "*their* business, not *ours*."

1st Mask.

1st *Mask.* "Yes: but if this should "end in a hanging business, whose af- "fair would *that* be?"

2d *Mask.* "You are such a hen- "hearted fellow. How could the lady "swear to our *faces?* We are safe "enough, I warrant you; and if we "don't blab *ourselves,* we may defy the "Devil. Hark! the chair [*another* "*whistle.*] is coming."

1st *Mask.* "Well, well: but if "there should be *murder?*"

2d *Mask.* "Nay, hold your tongue, "or I shall tell them how you have be- "haved yourself, and then you lose eve- "ry shilling of the reward. I am "ashamed of being in company with "such a cowardly . . . . Oh! here "is the chair!"

A sedan appeared, guarded by two men, armed exactly like those who had held the foregoing dialogue. They

 made

made several signs to each other which I could not understand: they tapped gently at the door of Mr. Blazon: it opened; the four masks then put down the chair and took a lady out of it. She trembled most violently, and walked as if she was on the point of fainting. She several times made attempts at calling for assistance; but the four villains presenting their pistols in the most menacing manner compelled her to silence.

The door now opened. I felt that some horrid transaction was about to take place: a cold damp burst on my brow, and convulsive tremblings shook my whole frame, at the sight of so many men, armed with instruments of speedy death, to oppose any effort made in favor of the unhappy woman who stood before me. As the door opened I perceived that it threw a long

shadow

dow to the spot where I lay, for the moon began to emerge from the clouds in full splendor. The color of the clothes I had on favored my design; and crawling behind the shrubs, I reached the door and entered it unperceived, as the servant stood in waiting.

A mental energy, which Heaven, in mercy, sends on great occasions, came to my assistance, and I remained, expecting the completion of my adventure, with a calmness of spirit equal to the perils of my situation. To my infinite satisfaction the hardened villain forced the lady inside the door, and told the others, that having now performed their duties they might return to their respective habitations, and rely upon having their promised reward from his master, the very next day. The fellow shut the door upon them with a thundering crash. The poor

wretch then fell prostrate at his feet, and was in the act of lifting up her veil to supplicate for mercy and compassion, when he sternly ordered her to hold her tongue, for that his master, far from meaning her any harm, had a great affection for her, notwithstanding all her haughty airs. That he had now gone great lengths to make her his, and that [here he took an oath too dreadful for repetition] nothing could *now* get her out of his hands. The poor creature extended her arms, and heaving a convulsive groan once more fell lifeless at the feet of her gaoler. I was just on the point of springing from my hiding place, and laying violent hands on the barbarous ruffian; but, recollecting that he had a pistol in his possession, reason directly told me, that if I failed in my first design, the consequences might not only be fatal to *myself*, but what was of much

more moment, irreparably so to the object I was so solicitous to protect. Footsteps on the stairs likewise indicated, that if I made any attempt of this nature, I should be exposed to the odds of *numbers.* The risk was a great one: the honor and happiness of an oppressed woman depended on the cast, and the stake required more than *courage* to be gained. *Prudence* and *caution* were both highly necessary.

Mr. Blazon now came down with a light. Concealed behind a statue in the hall, I observed his motions. He gazed with savage rapture on the lovely ruin which lay extended before him. He asked the servant many questions; among others, whether all those members of his family were removed, whose squeamish consciences were likely to interfere with his purposes. He was answered in the affirmative: the man

saying, at the same time, that William Woodford was the only one of whom he entertained much apprehension; but, that he had contrived to send him with the coach to Bath, on pretence that his mother was in the agonies of death, and asked repeatedly to see him. I now found how artfully the plot had been laid, and could account for the absence of my worthy William. Mr. Blazon finding all carefully arranged, gazed most ardently on his prey, who was not yet recovered; then desiring the man to unlock a door of a parlour in the back part of the house, by the assistance of this fellow conveyed her into it lifeless as she was: then taking up his pistol and lantern, ordered his associate to go to bed. His master followed him up one flight of stairs, during which time I took advantage of his absence, and crept into the room where he had con-

veyed the lady. The lantern cast a dull gloom, and I had just light sufficient to take a survey of the surrounding objects. It was a private chamber of Mr. Blazon's, and looked on nothing but a wild bleak heath. Between the side-board and the sofa stood a large screen, behind which I hid myself, when I heard Mr. Blazon returning.

And now the awful moment arrived. Mr Blazon came back, looked carefully around him, seated himself on the sofa, and murmured: "Proud woman! "have I at last prevailed?" He then poured out a glass of water, and chafed her temples till she revived. Her back was towards me, as through the crevices of the screen, I observed all that was going on. When she caught the eye of Mr. Blazon she gave a loud scream, and turning her countenance from *him*, presented it full before *me*,

. . . . . and then, Almighty Providence! I found it was . . . . . my long lost Adelaide. Tremblings, shadows, convulsions, all followed: my heart beat against my bosom as if it would have forced its passage through; my brain was bewildered; love, doubt, fear, hope, agony: I cannot, no, I cannot describe the moment . . . . !!!

Blazon threw his arms around her. She screamed. "Your cries are vain," sternly exclaimed this worse than Tarquin, "you are in my power—not Hell itself can save you."

I sprung from my hiding place, grasped the pistol as it lay on the side-board, and exclaiming "*Heaven can!*" presented it to his head.

Adelaide turned her lovely eyes towards me. She knew me; but her emotions tore her soul. "*Save*, oh, "save

"save me, Mowbray!" was all that she could utter; and as she spoke she wrung her hands in mingled doubt and agony.

Mr. Blazon made many attempts to recover himself: but I had him now doubly secure; my left hand grasped his throat, while my right held the muzzle of the pistol between his brows. He at last regained his suspended powers of speech. "'Tis well, young man. "*Robbery* and *murder!* A proper finish to *ingratitude.* Here are my "keys; take all I have: but surely in "return for having kept you near three "years from starving, you do not wish "to take my life?"

"Peace! peace! unworthy wretch! "I understand your insinuations, but "have too great a confidence in the "laws of my country, and the goodness of my cause, to be intimidated

"by your idle menace of charging me "with a robbery. I do not *wish* to "become a *murderer*: have a care you "do not *make* me so against my will. "It is my desire to leave you to your "*conscience*: neither I, nor this in-"jured lady, can hope for greater ven-"geance on your crimes. But, though "my nature shudders at the base idea "of shedding the blood, even of a "villain, I swear by that Power, who "now surveys thy guilt, the instant "an *alarm* is made to launch thee to "his presence."

Adelaide faintly (for her strength was exhausted) conjured me not to stain my conscience with the blood of this unworthy man; and seeing that he made no effort to frustrate our escape, I was happy to avoid being driven to extremities. As I grasped him by the collar, however, I had torn open his waist-

coat,

coat, when, to my equal surprise and indignation, suspended by a blue ribband round his neck, I beheld the miniature I had lost. I tore it thence with fury, and taking the lovely original under my arm, informed Mr. Blazon that if he stirred or spoke, his death was certain. He made no reply, but pale as ashes, sat biting his nether lip. The key was luckily in the lock, which I turned upon him. We gained the garden before the villa. Palpitating with fear, we spoke not till we saw the lamps of the metropolis, and heard the watchmen on their rounds. When I thought we were out of all danger, I clasped my arms round her waist, and would have imprinted a kiss upon her glowing cheek. She violently repulsed me. "Adelaide! Adelaide!" said I, with mournful surprise, "thus cold, "thus unkind?"

She

She turned away her head, and wept. I again attempted to embrace her; but she stopped me, by delivering the following words in an impressive tone. "Mowbray, you were once honorable, "you were once generous: I see, I "feel, *you are so still.*"

"What means my love?"

"To put an end to the indulgence "of hopes, which may lead to much "future misery: Mowbray, you now "no longer behold me my own mis-"tress; I am now the wife of Mr. "Durnsford."

The wretch who, reprieved from execution for *one* crime, is taken on the spot, tried, and condemned for *another*, could only feel what I felt at that moment. Adelaide *found!* but only found to be ravished from my hopes for ever: this was blow on blow. While I mourned her absence I had yet the

melancholy consolation of thinking, that though distant from each other, there was no earthly power which could divide our *hearts*: but now a general *desolation*, an universal *wreck* of all I had to live for, had seized upon my soul. The tears which rolled down my cheeks were drops of despair, which extinguished every spark of comfort in my breast.

Adelaide saw it. She would not, she said, attempt by vain *philosophy* to heal those rankling wounds, which time alone could cure. She begged me instantly to lead her to her husband, who lived in the city, and had often heard her speak of *me*. "He is not," she added, "the exact man, perhaps, "that you may expect to find: He has "numbered years enough to be my "Father. Circumstances, however, "have united our fates, and I have "found

" found him worthy all the respect and
" tenderness I can shew him. Since
" my Father's death he has been more
" than a Husband to me, and more
" than a Parent to my Brother."

" Cuthbert, then, is no more!" I exclaimed with a sigh.—She wiped away a tear.

The morn was now broke, and the labourers passing the streets to go to their work, stared at seeing a well-dressed man and woman abroad so early: to avoid their curiosity, therefore, we quickened our pace.

We at length reached the dwelling of Durnsford. " *This* is my Husband's " house," said Adelaide. As she spoke the door flew open, she rushed in, and I followed.

CHAPTER III.

An old servant, almost breathless with anxiety, conducted us up stairs. He led us to a folding-door, which he burst open with the most violent action. A grey headed figure then presented itself to me, his face hid in his hands: he was seated in an arm-chair, his legs wrapped up in flannels, and two crutches placed by his side. I could hear him sigh bitterly as we ascended, and from the vehemence of his feelings I concluded that the sobs we had heard proceeded from the husband of Adelaide. I was not wrong in my conjectures; he no sooner heard our footsteps than

than he started up. He caught the eye of his wife. His fine grey head presented one of the most sublime objects I had ever beheld in the course of my life. Joy, hope, and pleasure gave him a momentary ray of youth. He pronounced her name, spread out his arms to her and made an effort to rush towards her. The exertion was too much for his strength, and quite overpowered he fell back into his chair. Adelaide darted forwards, and clasping his knees, exclaimed, "my dear, dear "husband!"

It was some time before either of them were able to converse with any degree of calmness; but when the tumult of the passions was subsided, a thousand endearing inquiries succeeded. She introduced me to Mr. Durnsford by the title of her preserver. I approached his chair and he grasped me

by

by the hand: it was the nervous pressure of gratitude and of friendship. This simple action spoke more than volumes. The husband and wife seemed both exhausted by the trying situations into which they had been thrown; I therefore made a motion of retiring. Mr. Durnsford still clasping my hand, exacted a promise from me that I would call on him the next day. The proposal was a delicate one. I looked Adelaide full in the face, and thought she seemed as if she wished me to comply. Every doubt was overpowered by this persuasive eloquence, and Mr. Durnsford repeating his invitation, I at length pledged my word. The servant who had opened the door for us saw me down stairs. He muttered a blessing on my head at every step we took. The tear stood in his eye as he pronounced a warm eulogium on his mas-

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ter and his young mistress: it was a tribute honourable to *all* parties. The incense of a grateful heart rises pure amid unsullied skies, and mingles with the radiant beams of Heaven!

When arrived at my lodgings, I went to *bed*, but not to *rest*. The picture was found; but in the act of its recovery the *original* was lost for ever. All my hopes were at an end. I now knew not one object which could endear existence to me: father, friend, mistress, brother, every link which connects man with his fellow, was snapped asunder! Lost in astonishment at myself, I could not help exclaiming—"Good Heaven! and is it possible? "*am* I the eldest son of the proud "house of Landford? Is this forlorn "forsaken being, the identical personage who was brought up with so "much care and cherished with such "in-

" indulgence? Adelaide is gone! what " then remains for me? To return to " my father? pay court to my brother? " to throw myself on the generosity of " Gustavus!! What! could I do *that*? " no." Lost as I was to every hope, excluded from every prospect of felicity, the pride which I had inherited from my ancestors still adhered to me. —And could pride be a virtue? Let Philosophers decide that question.

I expected to hear in an angry way from Mr. Blazon, who in spite of all his failings, was what we call a man of honor, that is, one who will forfeit his reputation, and then fighting for a *shadow*, murder or *be* murdered by those who call it in question. To my surprise, however, I heard no more of him. I rather imagined that on reflection he found the affair so scandalous, that he rather chose to bury it in oblivion

vion than make it notorious by an appeal to the sword. He was one of those men who are *careless* to expose themselves in a *good* argument, and *fearful* to risk the censure of the world in a *bad* one. I had many doubts in my own mind whether I should return to Durnsford's house or not. I could not look upon Adelaide without loving her: habit and nature had made such a task almost impossible. As the wife of another man, a sacred rampart was now erected against the most distant idea of future tenderness. I knew her well, and knew her sensibly alive to all the impulses of love; but I likewise knew that a stronger power had empire in her soul, the power of honor. She had never been accustomed to estimate the value of virtue by the opinions of *others*. In her former conduct towards me, she had proved herself capable of the most he-

heroical sentiments. *My* trial now staggered me. After my former sufferings for the dear hope of calling her mine; after abandoning fortune, family, and friends; after submitting to the degradation of owing my existence to a man I despised; after long months of dependency, dependency which the hope alone of once more meeting *her* could have reconciled to my fiery soul; was it not enough to make me think my fortune hard? to make me wish, that death had closed my eyes, before the present painful period had arrived?

Resolved, however, to keep my promise with Mr. Durnsford, I rose the next morning feverish and unrefreshed. Whither to turn, I knew not. At all events I was resolved to remove from the habitation of Adelaide. Yes, I determined to fly from *her*, whom a few weeks ago I would have shed every blood-

blood-drop in my veins to have approached. How sudden are the revolutions in the History of Man!

When I called the next day, I found Mr. Durnsford up to receive me. He made some excuses for his wife, who was not yet risen. The shock she had recently endured, rendered all *apology* superfluous. I entreated the worthy man not to distress himself, and begged leave to retire. "Not so, Mr. "Mowbray Landford: I cannot part "thus with a person to whom I am "under so many obligations. I know "well the former position of affairs "between yourself and Adelaide. She "*first* made all the circumstances of "your mutual attachment known to "me, and I had afterwards the parti-"culars from her father. From a high "admiration of your character, added "to a most firm reliance on the can-

" dour of my wife, I shall consider " you as one who never knew her by " any *other* title than that of *friend*."

I was so agitated, that it was some moments before I could reply. " Oh " beware! beware, Mr. Durnsford! " there are some trials to which men " of honor would *act* honorably by not " exposing themselves to the danger of. " Cast back your memory; and be upon " your guard: recollect, Mrs. Durns- " ford was the first object that made " an impression on my youthful heart. " Accustomed as I have been to consi- " der her as the only woman formed to " make my earthly happiness, can I " answer that reason and philosophy " will always stand my friend? Ah, " Mr. Durnsford, who, like the Jew- " ish legislator, can sway the sea to " his commands? Who could live

"near Adelaide, and cease to love "her?"

The old man eyed me with a penetrating look, he appeared to pity my agitation. He assured me, that he was well convinced, I did not do justice to my own character, and that it was the wish of Adelaide and himself, that I should live with them both, on terms of the strictest friendship, as a *brother* to the *one*, a *son* to the *other*. "Ah! Mowbray," he added, "I *once* "possessed a son, who, had he lived "to have resembled you, would have "been the joy and pride of my heart! "But no more on a subject, which "made me old before my time, and "dashed my cup of life with bitterness "and sorrow." Then, to encourage me to comply with his request, he told me he would instantly give me a proof of

of his confidence, by letting me into every circumstance of his whole life and character. I bowed, and he then began the ensuing narrative.

As much of this history is connected with subsequent accounts, given by Adelaide, of her adventures since our separation at Landford-house, I shall not repeat it, as coming from him, but abridge the events as well as I can, and select the most material.

SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

MR. ISAAC DURNSFORD,

By Mowbray Landford.

MR. Durnsford was descended from a very respectable family in the north of England: he was the son of a gentleman, who sent him to a public school. Here he acquired the reputation of being a *dull* boy, because he *could* do what all the rest *dared not attempt:* I mean that he was attached to the study of the *mathematics*. So intensely did he apply himself to this *one* pursuit, that nothing could rouse him to an admiration of the Greek and Latin authors. His father, who wished him to

(do what no man ever yet did) make his *fortune* by being a *scholar*, was hurt at being informed, that Isaac was a good dispositioned, industrious boy, but no *genius*. If he had a passage from any of the learned languages to render into English, it cost him an infinite deal of trouble. The beauty of a simile, or the sublimity of an allegory, were nothing to Isaac: he would constantly ask this dry question—is it *true*? His favourite study addicted him to measure every other object by *this standard*, and his learning always ended in the ascertainment of a *truth*: in fact, his whole faculties seemed absorbed in this propensity: in consequence of which, throughout the course of a long life, his *parts* had sometimes been doubted, but his *integrity* had never been called into question, and if his *fancy* was weak, his *judgment* was strong. He was daz-

zled by no fine names, by no fine characters, and saw every thing through an unclouded medium. He could not despise frailty in a *poor*, and bow to it in a *rich* woman. He called a seditious orator, a *bad man*, and an eloquent one no better, if his elocution was exerted in a *bad cause*: He never named an atheist by any other title than *fool*: in short, he was what we call a *plain spoken gentleman*. The father with an aching heart, seeing him so fond of figures, at last consented that he should go into business, and got him taken into the firm of a large sugar-house. He was here so exact in his accounts, so attentive to his business, and performed his duty to his superiors with such unremitting industry, that he not only advanced his own prospects very high in life, but was the means of placing several branches of his family, who

who were not overburthened with money, in eligible situations. His father was in the daily habit of meeting with people who informed him that Isaac was one of the most industrious young men in the city of London: the parent, at such times, would answer with a deep fetched sigh, "I thought it "would end so: every one tells me of "his being *industrious*, but I hoped to "have seen him a *genius*!"

The father, himself, had been what is called a genius: he had lived with men of genius, till they had exhausted all his property; from the industry of Isaac, he derived that aid which *genius* had denied. *Genius and feeling are by no means synonimous!!* Supported by Isaac, the old man was constantly lamenting that his name would die: that no one would transmit it to posterity; for Isaac was too dull to set the world a

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wondering. He died, receiving every comfort from the young trader, and his last words were, "Isaac! Isaac! you "are a good young man; but what "would you have been, if you had "turned out a scholar!"

He was of a placid temper, and was never known to be irritated by the unreasonable complaints of his father, or any other person; to cast up his accounts, or to solve a problem, were at once his business and his amusement. Stern as Mentor, he smiled at the attempts of Cupid: and yet he *married*. —Why?—Did he feign a passion he did not feel?—no! one of his patrons in business had a daughter he wished to marry off his hands; the young lady wanted to leave her father, that she might avoid ten quarrels a day with her mother: she had no *dislike* to young Durnsford, he had no *aversion* to her.

He

He could square the whole transaction by the rule of right; the line A. B. was found equal to that of D. E., and thus the affair was finished. Let me try to sum up the characteristics of this worthy man: economy without meanness, coolness of head without hardness of heart, justness of thought without labor of the brain, were formerly the chief ingredients in his composition; time and circumstances had ameliorated the more chilly and unamiable particles, at the same time that they had invigorated all that was generous or praiseworthy. As I have said he married without passion, it may be supposed that he made but an indifferent husband: on the *contrary*, that calculating, cool disposition, which enabled him to draw just conclusions on every other subject, was the means of his deducing proper arguments from that of

 matrimony.

matrimony. He solved the problem of married life as well as he was able: some of the angles are sharp, he would say; but take the good with the bad and they will prove *equilateral.* His wife turned out a very bad-tempered woman; but he bore it with a patience that evinced, that while some of his neighbours thought him a *dull*, he was, in reality, a wiser man than the major part of them.

His affairs now called him to one of the largest sugar islands in the West-Indies. His wife attended him on this voyage, which she rendered as unpleasant as possible to him by her perpetual complainings and ill humours. A year after their residence there, she was delivered of a son. Durnsford was in hopes that this pledge of affection would have softened the asperity of her temper; but his hopes were vain.

vain. He bore his troubles like a man; and, as Fortune crowned all his other schemes with success, he could not think that one unlucky difficulty could mar the whole beauty of the *problem of life*. His son grew up to man's estate, and gave him farther theme for uneasiness; he lived perpetually among the slaves, and imbibed notions from a gentleman who came to settle on the island of the most dangerous and alarming tendency. This new-comer was tinged with the modern philosophy, and had fallen out with the present system of things: he had, likewise, taken a great affection to that kind of animal, which our *illuminé* are pleased to denominate a *social savage*. Young Durnsford had caught this contagion till it was quite *incurable*: he panted for the life of a wild Indian: he longed to hunt down his food by day and to sleep in a cavern

by night; to repose on feathers and be clothed in skins. The sociableness of meals and the graces of conversation, he affected to despise. He heated his imagination until he began to long to put his system into execution. His father had a female slave, called Zayda, to whom he had most firmly attached himself. In vain had all his friends attempted to set the folly of his conduct before his eyes. His boyish brain was turned with his own chimerical projects, and he literally ran off with his swarthy companion, leaving the following note for his parents:

"From this hour I renounce the
"foolish, the frivolous art of writing;
"from this hour I become the son of
"Nature, the tenant of the world.
"With Zayda I fly. I abandon the
"idle society of those, who *miscall*
"themselves *civilized*. I go to live

"as

"as man was formed to live; with "Nature for my judge, and inclination "for my law. Adieu! May you be "happy your *own* way: suffer me to be "so in *mine*. All attempts to seek for "me will be in vain."

Mrs. Durnsford lingered several years after this accident; but an Indian arriving, who brought word that the young man and his companion had been found starved to death on a mountain, she grew evidently worse, and at length died of sorrow. Durnsford, left alone in the world, gave way to a deep melancholy. He could no longer find resources in his darling Euclid: age was coming fast upon him, and he now began to see existence on its most gloomy side. He staid abroad after these melancholy events until he had amassed a considerable fortune. He then came to England, and built an elegant house.

house. The reputation of his vast riches drew a number of persons around him, and his mind began to be diverted with society. During this period he made many observations on the human character; and comparing them according to his early precision, formed in his latter days his opinions of mankind, *viz.* That the mass of men is neither so good, nor so bad, as is generally represented by partial persons on both sides of the question: that to live with the world required some *caution* with a little *prudence*, properly blended; as too much of the one made a man *hateful*, and too large a quantity of the other exposed him to be a *dupe*. With all his exactitude, however, he yet lived to be deceived.

A man of habits similar to his own, came to reside in his neighbourhood: a cool reflecting personage, and like himself

himself a great proficient in the mathematics. As he found a life abstracted from business, after having been accustomed to it from his early infancy was attended with tedium and disgust, he was rejoiced to find a companion with a soul in unison with his own; one with whom he might pass most of his hours in a kind of mental calm, with whom he might solve problems, smoke a tranquil pipe, and converse on trade in all its branches. This man seemed so cool and so unimpassioned in most of his undertakings, that Mr. Durnsford placed the highest confidence in his judgment and his knowledge of the world. His friend had formed a scheme which was (as he made it clearly appear) certain of realising a large property in a very short time, but was prevented from putting his projects into execution by the want of a *capital* to

begin with: though, he said, he could give any one who would assist him with the requisite sum, a surety of making twelve per cent for their money, by allotting them a share in the concern. The worthy Isaac saw that the want of money to prosecute this scheme made him very low spirited. Norbury, his friend, had a large family who looked up to him for support. Isaac Durnsford was one of those men, who do not perform *foolish* actions at every request of unreasonable friends; but, spite of all his care and circumspection, no man was capable of doing more *generous* ones. He had been called a close-fisted fellow, because he had refused some *hundreds* to a couple of idle cousins to pay their gaming debts: but, twice in his life, when two relatives had an opportunity of settling hemselves in a lucrative line of com-

merce,

merce, he became bound in their behalf for *fifteen thousand.*

I give these traits of his disposition, that I may, at the same time, curtail my narrative, and present a full-length picture of the man.

K

CHAP-

CHAPTER IV.

Sketch of the Life and Character of Mr. Isaac Durnsford, continued.

AFTER much deep contemplation on the subject, Durnsford thought it a great pity that his friend Norbury should fail in prospects which appeared so feasible, when a little money might put him in a way of retrieving a life, which, without any apparent imprudence, had been crossed and thwarted with such an uncommon portion of ill luck: he determined therefore to advance him the specified sum, at the same time making up his mind to secure a branch of the busi-

business in his own hands. Norbury was all gratitude when he learned the generous resolutions he had formed in his favor. The writings were drawn up, the money lent, and the property purchased in their joint names for a series of years. Isaac thought he had reason to congratulate himself on having performed this liberal action: all of a sudden, however, Mr. Norbury and his family *vanished,* with notes, bills, and property to an immense amount.

The fortunes of Durnsford sunk beneath this heavy stroke. He was advancing fast towards old age, and his grey locks daily informed him of the mournful truth. His coolness, however, did not forsake him: he sold his fine house, applied (to those whose fortunes his former industry had raised) for employment, and, such was the high esti-

estimation in which his upright character was held, that he obtained his wishes without the least shadow of a difficulty. The behavour of his ungrateful relatives soured the milk of human kindness in his bosom: they treated him with such shameless neglect, after having been meanly subservient to him in his prosperous days, that, for the first time in his life, he took an *oath*. The vow he made imported, that if he ever retrieved his affairs, nothing should induce him to hold any intercourse with these hypocrites during his *life*, or tempt him to make the slightest provision for them at his *death*. This was the only subject that ever excited his gall. The name of a relative always made him irritable, and he was constantly offended with any one who mentioned them in his hearing. Such was his amazing capacity for business, that he was once

more

more made partner in a sugar-house; a few successful years cleared him from all incumbrances, and the name of Durnsford again began to be enrolled in the list of the richest men in the city of London. The summer-flies of his prosperity now again wished to be buzzing about him; but it would not avail. He calmly passed them, and either appeared to have forgotten them when he met them, or gave them an answer which they could not mistake. Severe fits of the gout began to attack him, and make him think of his end with very serious contemplation.

Justly irritated at the unworthy treatment he had received from his family, he had resolved to leave all his money for the building of an hospital. Here various difficulties arose. Could he have met with any young persons, whose dispositions and characters were such as

he could have approved of, with natures adapted to the true use of wealth, the pouring it forth like the dews of Heaven on poverty and distress, Isaac Durnsford would have hugged the objects to his heart, and made them the adopted children of his old age. Such a character he at length met in Adelaide, the daughter of Cuthbert. An old house-keeper, who lived with him and who was now his only confidential friend, first pointed her out to his notice. She praised the young lady as a *perfect* woman. Durnsford satirically murmured, "a perfect *woman!*" and stretched out his right leg, wrapped up in flannel, from an easy-chair, where he had been describing an equilateral triangle with one of his crutches on the ground—"a *perfect* woman! hum! I "ever thought the problem *beautiful*; "but it is not *true*."

"Not

"Not true, master?"

"No, Barbara; I *know* it is *not*. I "have seen the world and have judged "it carefully: I have been *married*, "Barbara; and I know there is not "such a thing in nature as a perfect "*man* or *woman*."

Barbara reddened and bridled up, as she placed his dinner on a small round-table before his arm-chair. Opposite to her stood a glass, and she gazed for a time with great complacency on some object which attracted her attention there, before she gave her master any answer.—"Why, as to a perfect *man*, "Sir, I cannot pretend to say. You "gentlemen have so many temptations, "that it would be hard to judge *you* "like one of *us*: but I think, yes I *do* "think, there may have been such a "thing as a perfect woman."—She smiled most delightfully.

"Is

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"Is your perfect woman a young or
"an *old* one, Barbara?"

"Why, as to that, master, I know
"more than *one*: but *age* has nothing
"to do with it; no, nor *beauty* neither:
"though beauty is very different in per-
"sons—*some* folks at forty-five or fifty,
"look as well as *some* folks at nineteen
"or twenty."

"Methinks, Barbara, this is not a
"direct answer to my question."

Barbara, whose attention during the latter part of her speech had been wholly directed to the *glass*, now started as from a dream, with a "no, no,
"..... I, I..... beg pardon, Sir.
"What was I going to say? Um!
"um! Yes, now I recollect, I was
"going to say that Miss Cuthbert is
"quite as beautiful in person as in
"mind. She lodges with my old friend,
"Mrs. Nixon. I went to drink tea

"htiw

"with her the other evening, and she "told me a story that would have made "your heart ache. Oh, Sir! a lovely "angel like this, sitting by the side of "a sick father in a garret, holding his "aching head in her lap, and forcing "smiles into her face, while her heart "is breaking." The tears gushed down the cheeks of Durnsford: he dashed them away, and after a fretful "pish!" bad the old woman go on.

"Well, Sir, the young lady has a "brother, who works all day at a car- "penter's shop, and at night brings "home his hard earnings to his father "and sister. But you know, master, "that can be but a *trifle*. They have "only twenty pounds a year; and what "is that when there is sickness in a fa- "mily? I am sure they are all starv- "ing, because the landlady told me the "young lady only makes one meal a

" day, and that is seldom more than a " little tea. Mrs. Nixon says, too, " that the brother looks very thin and " faint, though he tries to talk it highly " before his father and sister. The " other day he tumbled down in a fit " upon the stairs, and she says she is " sure it was because he had fasted too " long."

Durnsford raised himself on his crutches, and stared her full in the face; it was three minutes before he stammered out—" Get me a coach immediately; " and, do you hear? to avoid loss of " time, make as many *internal* angles " as you can."

" Sir!"

" Go, go, Barbara, go! You are a " good woman; but you do not under- " stand *terms* at all: you must there- " fore take the *perpendicular*."

" Master!"

" Call

"Call a coach, I tell you."

She went out to do so; and Durnsford continuing to draw figures, like one of the philosophers in the Flying Island, was wrapped up in this employment, until Barbara returned like one of the *Flappers,* to rouse him from his trance. She informed him the coach was ready; and, assisted by her and the driver, he was soon seated in it, and began to renew his calculations.

He found on his arrrival at Mrs. Nixon's, that worthy Barbara had told him the truth. By some previous conversation with the Mistress of the house, he learned the whole story of this distressed little family: the tale was an affecting one. They had occupied their present lodgings above a year and a half. On their first arrival, they appeared to live with decency and comfort; but their means visibly diminished with

each ensuing quarter. Frederick, in hopes of a post in the army, which had been promised him by a wealthy friend, kept up the spirits of his father and sister; but finding that every day only brought a new defeat of hope, he resolved to found his only expectations on the labor of his own hands: a foundation much more solid than any *hope* can build on the smiles of patronage or the promises of power. He had been bred to the laborious exercises of the field; toil had strung his nerves, and he shrunk not from the encounter of hardship nor fatigue. He had as much pride as any young man could have; but his pride fell when he saw two beloved relatives perishing for want. He hired himself to a carpenter, and out-toiled all his competitors. Adelaide assisted by taking in any plain-work she could obtain by Mrs. Nixon's means.

About the period of her brother's petition for a post in the army, Adelaide had attracted the attention of Mr. Blazon. This man was the person to whom Frederick had been directed to pay his court by an infamous agent of his shameful pursuits. He took an opportunity of calling on Frederick one day when he knew he was from home, and by this artifice got an introduction to Adelaide and her father. He was charmed wih her innocence, youth, and beauty: he made professions of doing wonders for the brother; and the glow of grateful tenderness which crimsoned on the cheek of the lovely girl, heightened at once *her* graces and *his* passion. Depending on the poverty of the father, and the hold his patronage gave him over the future prospects of the son, he wrote a letter to the former, in which he made a proposal no parent can think

of without shame and confusion. What an effect, then, must it have had on the mind of an old soldier? In his cottage he had spurned the idea of *marrying* his daughter into the Landford family by stealth.: his girl, too, had conquered a passion, pure as angels can conceive or breathe. The old man was outrageous: Frederick acted with more policy. Seeing his father agitated and confused, with great persuasion and entreaty, he at length got a sight of the letter. He pretended to be very calm: he called the aid of religion to his father's passions, and bad him remember, that he was a *Christian*, as well as a *soldier*. Cuthbert was lulled by this device.

Nothing was more distant from the thoughts of the young man than tamely putting up with the insult his sister had met with. In his language and manner he had somewhat of the pea sant,

sant, but in his sentiments he had more of the hero. Early next morn he knocked at Mr. Blazon's gate, and was informed that he was not at home: this did not satisfy him; he brushed by the servant, and forced his way up stairs. He at last found Mr. Blazon at breakfast, with a numher of papers before him. He desired his unexpected visitor to sit down: Frederick did so.

"I am come, Sir."

"I beg pardon, Mr. Frederick: but " . . . . . pray have you breakfasted?"

"No, Mr. Blazon: but my business " is of a nature which requires brevi- " ty."

"I know it, my dear Sir, and am " really quite ashamed of having kept " you so *long* in suspense: but you " know, I had other people to con- " sult, and . . . ."

 "You

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI

"You misunderstand me. You en-
"tirely mistake me, Sir."

"Give me leave, my dear Sir, you "must let me explain *myself*; I will "then with very great pleasure, hear, "*any* thing you may have to *say*."

As Frederick had made up his mind to be as cool as possible during the whole of this affair, he thought he could not, with the least propriety, refuse to let him make an end of what he had to state.

Mr. Blazon, however, was a man of too artful a character to suffer his surprise to get the better of his prudence, and had been too well accustomed to perplexities of this nature to allow them to throw him for a moment off his guard. He made a long flourishing speech, which did not contain one word to the purpose of Frederick's visit, though he obliquely hinted at it every

every now and then. As he concluded he presented him with a commission, saying, at the same time, he had given the young gentleman some reason to suspect him of coldness, but flattered himself *this* would be an *excuse* for any error he had *inadvertently* fallen into. There was something so very artful in this obscure reparation, which contained an apology without either an excuse or a confession, that the young man, unused to the ways of the world, stood perplexed and confounded with the paper in his hand. After a moment's thought, however, he threw it indignantly down on the table.

"What do you mean, young man?"

"I mean *honestly*. I came to give "you a challenge for your vile insult on "my sister: if you mean what you "have been saying for an *apology*, you "have prevented me."

"Why! I am not much used to make "excuses, young gentleman: however, "to shew you my regard, I will confess, that if I *have* injured any part "of your family I am very sorry for it."

"That *must* be enough, then."

"Take the commission with you."

"Never—I can *forgive*, but I cannot *forget*. To owe any favor to you, "would be granting you the liberty of "insulting us again."

"I have said I am sorry."

"I have said I *forgive* you."

"Suppose I should now intend *honorably* by your sister?"

"How do you mean?"

"Marrying her."

"She would not listen to you."

"No! Why?"

"For two reasons."

"What are they? tell me."

"Why, *firstly*, you are *wicked* and

 "she

"she is *good* : *secondly*, you are *old* and "she is *young*."

All the harsh things which Frederick could have thought of, would not have wounded Mr. Blazon like the last reflection. In vain did he attempt to *force* his favors on the young man. Frederick resolutely told him, that henceforward he gave up all manner of communion with him; concluding with a repetition of what he had stated before, that though he might *forgive*, it was out of his power to forget.

The threatened vengeance of Blazon greatly alarmed old Cuthbert. He was, at length, released from his apprehensions by the haughty man's intended expedition to Tobago. Little did I imagine, when I accompanied him on that voyage, that we were rivals, that the same image filled the bosoms of both! While we were abroad, all the

affairs of poor Cuthbert went to ruin and decay: sickness and poverty overtook him at the same period. About this time he became acquainted with Isaac Durnsford, by the means of Barbara. Although the temper of Durnsford had been somewhat soured by his former experiments of the married life, he had never formed any rigorous opinions to the prejudice of the sex: on the contrary, an inherent tenderness for this beautiful part of the species was a leading trait in his character. He introduced himself to Cuthbert's little domestic circle with that frankness which is above all the grimaces of unmeaning compliment. A friendship in a few days took place, of a more perdurable nature than a thousand of those which are daily moulded out of bows, smiles, curtesies, cards, morning visits, and all the mummery of what is called acquaintance.

quaintance. Isaac Durnsford went surely to work, and without any parade or profession, convinced the old man that he was sincerely his friend. He by degrees brought him, his son, and his daughter, into his own house, and managed this in such a way, as to convince old Cuthbert that he considered *himself* the person obliged in the transaction. In a few weeks he procured the post for Frederick he had so long been soliciting from the unworthy Mr. Blazon. The young soldier embraced his father, kissed his sister, thanked his benefactor, and shortly afterwards set out for the Indies, his heart light and his mind full of gratitude. The malady of Cuthbert increased rapidly after the departure of his son. He grew uneasy at the thoughts of leaving Adelaide behind him, in a world where she might

be exposed to many trials, painful to a young woman of her susceptibility.

Barbara, the house-keeper, was ever a great favorite with her master. Barbara was one of those sharp-sighted elderly gentlewomen, who are the first to discover the symptoms of *love*. These symptoms she had discerned in her patron. Notwithstanding the great disparity of their years, she was convinced her master looked on Adelaide with other eyes than those of friendship. She gave him many hints of these doubts, which he answered with his usual "pish! and pshaw!" Yet would he smile, even though the gout was then putting him to the most excruciating torments. This intelligence did Barbara convey to Cuthbert. The fond father wished it might be *true*, but kept the hints he had received to himself, until the behaviour

of

of Durnsford (which was from the most solid and serious converted to the most vacant and abstracted) convinced him that Barbara was right. Euclid was thrown aside, and every symptom was confirmed.

In poor old Cuthbert's fatal illness, as Isaac sat by his bed-side, and heard him give vent to his apprehensions for the future welfare of his daughter, he stammered, made many apologies on the score of his age, blushed, hesitated, hinted a *proposal*. Cuthbert was pleased with his frankness: he promised to mention the offer to his child; adding that it was his dying wish to leave her to the care of his friend. "Just so," said he with a sigh, "just so did *I* receive her mother from a dying friend. "I have done *my duty*; I know you "will do *yours*."

Cuthbert broke the matter to Adelaide,

laide, and pressed her to accept the generous offer which had been made; adding, at the same time, that her compliance would send him to the grave in peace. What could she do? Far removed from the hope of ever again seeing *me*, or if she ever did, too lofty-minded to think of heaping ruin on me by sacrificing my interests to her own. She never could love Mr. Durnsford, it was true; but, she had veneration, she had esteem for his character and his virtues; added to which, her father's last moments might be made happy. Prevailing nature conquered: she kissed the burning hand of her parent, and assured him, that if, after having been made acquainted with every circumstance of her former life, Mr. Durnsford maintained his present sentiments, and could be contented with her *esteem*, she would be *his*. Durnsford was too reasonable

sonable to expect that love would result from a match where the ages were so unequal, and he accepted her offer with the greatest transport. Cuthbert had the dying satisfaction of seeing them united and of expiring in their arms. They paid every tribute to his memory friendship and filial piety could suggest.

Long did they live in the greatest tranquillity, pleased and satisfied with each other, till Mr. Blazon came from abroad. Meeting her by accident, all his former flames rekindled in his bosom. He made many attempts to get her in his power, but all proved abortive. Desperate with disappointment, he at length resolved to run all hazards; and hearing she was going to a play, from whence she was to return in a chair, he bribed the men who were to carry her, employed some of his own desperate followers: and Heaven knows what might

might have been the consequences, had not *I* providentially arrived to her assistance.

I have here endeavoured to give Adelaide's story, as far as it relates to her husband, with all the brevity the subject would admit of. I hope to be able to explain the other particulars of her narrative more fully, in a letter from her to myself.

And thus were all my airy hopes destroyed: the vision of felicity burst like a watery bubble from my sight. She was married! Adelaide was married! Her husband persisting in his resolution of retaining me in his house, called in the

the assistance of Adelaide to persuade me: overpowered, I consented. Was I wrong? Ye who condemn, place *yourselves* in my situation!

CHAP-

CHAPTER V.

He who never knew temptation, cannot judge for him who has gone through the fiery, the painful ordeal! Placed under the roof of Durnsford, behold me once more living near my Adelaide, once more in daily contemplation of the charms, the graces, which first fired my soul! Mr. Durnsford was as anxious for my welfare as if I had been his own son, and began to instruct me in the business by which he had enriched himself. Had not malice and detraction levelled their deadly darts against our tranquillity, we had been three persons, happy as the imperfect

state

state of terrestrial beings could have admitted of.

By the soul of honor! though my heart was deeply wounded by the loss of Adelaide, I never indulged one wandering wish which could have rendered me undeserving of the confidence of her generous husband! Every spot of ground on which I trod, every object which presented itself to my sight, was sanctified, was hallowed. Gratitude had placed her seal upon my heart: yet did *calumny* attack my character. Had I been the rascal I was described, the mean, creeping, dirty, insidious villain, who stabbed my benefactor in the tenderest part, I should have thought, that, like a serpent, or any other odious, slimy reptile, I deserved to be crushed under the foot of the first honest, indignant passenger that came

in

in my way. Alas! then, my present (comparatively) happy situation, was about to be forfeited.

To keep my unconnected wanderings as clear as possible, I shall *here* insert the letter of my Adelaide: more particularly, as it contains the principal part of her story since our last melancholy parting. When she resolved to give her hand to Mr. Durnsford, she thought that honor, gratitude, and duty, made it necessary for her, at the same time, to renounce every idea she had cherished in *my* favor. She knew not then how to address herself to me; but as she imagined chance might bring us together at some future period, and that the rencontre would consequently be painful to both parties, in order to provide against so very awkward a conjuncture she wrote the following letter,

which she constantly kept preserved in her port-folio, to be delivered whenever an occasion should present itself.

" *To Mowbray Landford, Jun. Esq.*

" It is done: your father may " now be at rest. No longer can Ade- " laide, the daughter of Cuthbert, give " cause for uneasiness to any branch of " Landford house. Yes, Mowbray, " I will own, nay I *have* owned to the " worthy being who is now the sole " disposer of my destiny, that I have " long carried your image in my heart. " To tear that image *thence* has been " an effort, a most painful one: but " the very act of its accomplishment is " a pledge for my religious performance " of it. We must meet *no more*. You " will probably be anxious to know " what became of me after the painful " separation which took place at Land-

" ford

" ford house. As the most scrupulous
" propriety cannot forbid *this*, I shall
" let you know our little history in a
" few pages.

" Sir George Sendon waited on my
" father, and used every argument
" which reason could suggest, to con-
" vince him of the fatal measures he
" was pursuing, in setting himself in
" opposition to so powerful a family.
" On *him* these *hints* had no effect:
" wrapped up in conscious integrity,
" neither threats nor blandishments
" could, for a moment, stagger the
" settled resolution of his soul. With
" *me* he had much better success. Sir
" George Sendon was a man I could
" not help respecting: he spoke to
" me with tenderness, with gentle-
" ness, and with delicacy: every
" accent penetrated to my heart.—
" 'You must in a short time, my dear

" ' girl,

" 'girl,' said he, in the most friendly
" tone, 'see the folly of your present
" 'pursuit: a pursuit which must end
" 'in the *displeasure* of the parents of
" 'the man you love, and in the *ruin*
" 'of your own. Mr. Landford, you
" 'may rely on it, will use every effort
" 'in his power to prevent his son's en-
" 'tering into such a connection. But
" 'I will take that point of view,
" 'which is most alluring to the *present*
" 'wishes of you both. I will suppose
" 'you are united. Good Heavens!
" 'does not your heart shrink from the
" 'scenes which must ensue? Ena-
" 'moured with the acquisition, with
" 'what raptures will he gaze *at first*
" 'upon his new-found treasure! Con-
" 'sequences will either be not seen at
" 'all, or seen in far distant *perspective*,
" 'until each unpleasing object is
" 'lessened to a point. Yet time *must*

" 'soon unveil the sad reality: Poverty
" '*must* rouse him from his golden
" 'dream. How is he to maintain you?
" 'From his father's fortune? No; that
" 'is out of the question. Mr. Land-
" 'ford senior's doors will be for ever
" 'shut against you. Will his *own* exer-
" 'tions be sufficient? How! a young
" 'man, a spoiled child, the eldest
" 'hope of a great family; can *he*
" 'support a wife, and offspring in a
" '*cottage?* Such dangerous chimeras
" 'have misled many inexperienced
" 'young persons; but they should
" 'obtain no more credit with reason-
" 'able and well-governed minds, than
" 'dwarfs, giants, knights, spectres,
" 'or any other of the *farrago* of ro-
" 'mances. Poverty, then, is a most
" 'unavoidable consequence of your
" 'pertinacity. But *you* can bear
" 'poverty without a murmur. It may

" 'be

" 'be so; and as far as it merely con-
" 'cerns *yourselves*, I have little to urge
" 'against the justice of your plea;
" 'But *children*, Adelaide! . . . pause
" 'but a moment to reflect, and then
" 'let your *own* heart be judge. Though
" 'you may doom *yourself* to a life of
" 'poverty, can you with any equity
" 'pronounce the same sentence on
" '*their* heads? on those poor inno-
" 'cents who will look up to you for
" 'support? When you give them
" 'life, shall you not wish to make
" 'that life a comfort to them? Can
" 'you do this in the present crisis of
" 'your affairs? Suppose a little fa-
" 'mily around you: imagine them
" 'looking up to you for bread; their
" 'eyes sunk, the roses fled from their
" 'cheeks, their infant limbs wasted,
" 'and tottering with weakness, and
" 'with hunger. Suppose. . . . .'

L 2 " 'Oh!

" 'Oh! say no more, say no more!
" 'You affect, you distress me.'
" 'But do I CONVINCE you, Ade-
" 'laide?'
" 'You do, you do, *indeed* you do!'
" 'Why then, my dear girl, I will
" 'now *change* the scene. I shall sup-
" 'pose that you make an heroic effort,
" 'that rising above the common weak-
" 'ness of your sex, you sacrifice your
" 'own happiness to that of your fa-
" 'ther and of your family. Mr.
" 'Landford has declared, that if you
" 'will quit this part of the country,
" 'and give your solemn promise, ne-
" 'ver to take any steps with regard to
" 'his son, which may be contrary to
" 'his wishes, he will *enable* your fa-
" 'ther to maintain a comfortable ap-
" 'pearance in any other quarter of
" 'England.'
" A number of motives, each sanc-
" tioned

" tioned by honor, virtue, filial piety,
" the best, the purest emotions of the
" human heart, at once conspired to
" make me pay every attention to the
" propositions of Sir George. He beg-
" ged for my definitive answer; but
" finding that some prejudices were
" still struggling within me, he very
" generously told me, he would not
" urge the subject at the present in-
" stant, as he wished to convince my
" *mind*, not to surprise my sensibility.
" I shall not recapitulate the conflict-
" ing ideas, the various, the painful
" sensations, which were the conse-
" quences of this interview. I made
" my father acquainted with what had
" just passed. His behaviour was, as
" usual, full of tenderness and gene-
" rosity: He left my own conduct
" to my own decision. My brother,
" full of the fire of youth, was for

" braving all dangers, rather than sub-
" mit to be trampled on by *any one.*
" I saw a tear standing in my father's
" eye: that tear decided *all.* I had
" only to renounce my fatal love, and
" he was placed beyond the reach
" of want. I wrote a card to Sir
" George Sendon, informing him that
" my resolution was taken, and that
" I was now willing to agree to any
" terms he and his friend, Mr. Land-
" ford, might think fit to propose.

" I had scarcely dismissed my mes-
" senger before a young lady eagerly
" inquired for me at the cottage. I
" hastened to meet her; it was Juliana.
" She begged me to favor her with a
" few moments' conversation, as she
" had something very particular to say
" to me. My father and brother were
" just gone out, and I therefore solicit-
" ed her to step into our little parlour.

" She

"She thanked me, and, when we were
"seated, frankly began the following
"discourse:

"'I rather think, my dear Adelaide,
"'that you have lately had some con-
"'versation with my father?'

"'I *have*, madam.'

"'And on a subject of no small im-
"'portance to us both. Nay! we
"'have no time for *ceremonies*. I have
"'long known that my Adelaide was
"'my *rival*; but assure you, I have
"'never loved her less on that account.'

"'You honor me extremely.'

"'No, my sweet girl, I look on you
"'as my superior in *many*, as my
"'equal in *all* things. I wish to treat
"'you with the candour of a friend,
"'with the frankness of a sister: have
"'I your permission to proceed in this
"'manner?'

"I bowed assent. Juliana took me

" by the hand in the most assuring, the
" most encouraging manner, and pro-
" ceeded thus:

" 'It may appear somewhat like a
" ' want of delicacy in me to come to
" ' the point at once: yet, as what I
" ' have to state may probably have
" ' much concern with the future hap-
" ' piness or misery of *both* our lives,
" ' some degree of form may be over-
" ' looked. If I guess aright, the con-
" ' versations you have lately had with
" ' Sir George have been chiefly rela-
" ' tive to a connection between myself
" ' and a young man, whom....whom
" '....Upon my word, I feel most pe-
" ' culiarly awkard in mentioning the
" ' circumstance: but, if....if....I....
" ' I have not been very much misin-
" ' formed, Mr. Mowbray Landford is
" ' not *quite* indifferent to my amiable
" ' young friend?'

" Miss

" Miss Sendon's candour gave her
" an undoubted right to equal frank-
" ness on my part. I endeavoured,
" then, to lay my whole soul before
" her—yes! I told her all I had felt, all
" I had undergone, in making up my
" mind to the trial which was to ensue.
" I assured her, at the same time, that
" now my resolution was once taken,
" it was beyond the force of any hu-
" man power to shake it; that I would
" answer for my conduct, though I
" could not be responsible for my sighs
" or my regrets.

" ' Generous girl!' (she exclaim-
" ed) ' What is wealth, what is power,
" ' that it should look down on merit
" ' that would grace the most exalted,
" ' and shed a lustre on the lowest
" ' ranks of life? I am the daughter
" ' of a rich, a powerful man; yet own
" ' with a sigh, that when I come to

" 'compare my own character with yours, whether I consider your fortitude, your integrity, or your filial piety, I feel myself diminishing to *nothing*. *I* cannot, like *you*, sacrifice the object of my choice to the happiness of a father, though that father has ever been to me a generous, a kind one. He has fixed his very soul upon my being united to the man, who will in future, be the Earl of Rothvale. Mowbray Landford is *that* man. But, alas! Mowbray is not the man I ever *did*, I ever *can* love. I think it a duty towards *you*, my dear girl, to make this confession. If from any mistaken generosity, you have sacrificed the object of your affections to *my* peace, I am bound to undeceive you: let me, then, solemnly assure you, that, at all events, I

" '*never* will be the wife of Mow-
" bray.'
" I paused a moment. I saw that
" Miss Sendon had acted from the im-
" pulse of an ardent, generous temper.
" She stopped for my reply, which I
" delivered to the following effect:
" 'My dear Miss Sendon; though
" 'I make no merit of my conduct
" 'towards you, yet I should not treat
" 'you with that openness your libe-
" 'rality demands from me, did I deny,
" 'that in the conflict I have passed,
" 'your prior claims have had *some*
" 'weight. I thought you, in great
" 'measure, attached to Mr. Mow-
" 'bray, and that I was consequently
" 'interfering with a very solemn right
" '—a right, than which nothing
" 'but marriage itself can be more sa-
" 'cred.'
" Here ended our conversation: and

 " having

"having mutually performed our du-
"ties to each other, we separated with
"much emotion, and many expressions
"of kindness.

"Sir George called on me the next
"day. He found my mind much more
"softened to his purpose than he could
"have expected: he improved the mo-
"ment, and made a kind of offer from
"Mr. Landford senior to my father:
"To provide for the venerable man, to
"whom I owed my life, was a tempta-
"tion too strong to be resisted. I yield-
"ed. The pangs you suffered at our
"separation ran like iron through my
"heart; yet was I soothed amidst all
"my woes, by the reflection, that the
"pains I endured were to terminate in
"the felicity of the two persons *most*
"*dear* to my heart: that they would
"ensure *liberty* to you, and *independency*
"to my father.

"We

"We retired farther north, on ac-
"count of the promise given; but on
"a *sudden* our little stipulated income
"was *withdrawn*. We wrote to Mr.
"Landford senior; but to no purpose:
"every trial to obtain an answer was
"in vain. We then addressed our-
"selves to Sir George Sendon: he re-
"turned us for answer, that having bro-
"ken all manner of *connection* with Mr.
"Landford, he could not, at present,
"speak upon any subject which related
"to him; but, that if we were labor-
"ing under *distress*, he would most as-
"suredly relieve us on his *own account*.
"This reply was highly offensive to my
"brother Frederick, who exclaimed,
"'Does the proud man take us for
"'*paupers*?' Both he and my father
"then expressed their regret at hav-
"ing suffered themselves to be over-
"persuaded by me to accept of any
"favor

"favor at the hands of the Landford "family. I pacified them as well as I "was able, and endeavoured to per-"suade them to hope for better days.

"We had taken a small farm, where "we expected, by our industrious ef-"forts, to be able to weather the storm "which threatened us. It was all *in* "*vain:* an unlucky season destroyed "the harvest; every thing went ill "with us; and we were on the point "of perishing, when Colonel Raynall, "who lived in the neighbourhood, and "had heard of our distresses, most ge-"nerously stepped forward to our as-"sistance. He no sooner saw my father "than his face turned pale, and he be-"trayed symptoms of the most violent "agitation.

"'You have been a soldier?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"'You

"'You were an officer in the time
"'of our conflict with America?'
"'Yes, Sir.'
"'Your name is Cuthbert?
"'It is so.'
"'Good God! then you are the
"'very man to whom I owe my life.
"'You remember once heading a body
"'of brave fellows who bore away a
"'wounded captain from some Indians
"'who were in the act of plundering
"'him as he lay weltering in blood on
"'the ground?'
"'Aye, poor fellow! we *did* so.
"'He was a brave youth. One of the
"'savages had raised his weapon to
"'dash out his brains, but I shot him
"'dead in the action. I never shed
"'blood *before* without a tear; but
"'to kill a wounded man! fie! it was
"'cowardly! it was *devil*-like.'
"Colonel Raynall flew into his arms,
" while

" while he exclaimed, 'Oh, Cuthbert!
" '*I* am the officer whose life *you*
" ' saved.'

" We were all much surprised at
" this affecting scene. My father had
" never named the circumstance be-
" fore: for, though remarkably fond of
" recording the gallant actions of *others*,
" few men could be more timid in nar-
" rating any event in which he *himself*
" had been a *principal*.

" ' I think,' said he to the Colonel,
" ' I have seen your face at Landford-
" ' House; but you were so altered,
" ' that I could not have supposed you
" ' were the young fellow whom our
" ' party saved in America.'

" ' At Landford House, my old friend!
" ' have I then been so *near* you? In
" ' poverty, too—Well! I have been a
" ' sad ungrateful fellow! Once, indeed,
" ' I *might* have returned your goodness;
" ' but

" ' but *now*, brother soldier, I am not
" ' over rich: however, I will try to
" ' convince you that I am not unmind-
" ' ful of your former favors!'

" The Colonel kept his word with
" us; but his riches (as he had informed
" us) by no means kept pace with his
" good intentions; and there was no
" remaining in our present little happy
" retirement. My brother was very
" much attached to Colonel Raynall,
" who frequently came to see us. We
" found that he was the great friend of
" your brother Gustavus; we had al-
" ways adored his character; and the
" Colonel painted him as the most ge-
" nerous, the most heroic of men. He
" was sure, he said, he would prove
" himself such. But enough on that
" subject. The poor Colonel was our
" guardian angel. In the most delicate
" manner possible, he settled twenty
" pounds

" pounds per annum on my father, out " of his own confined income. My " brother soon caught the flame of mi- " litary ardor from his father and from " Colonel Raynall, who were constantly " repeating the tales of former heroes in " his presence. The Colonel soon per- " ceived this, and wrote to a friend he " had in town, beseeching him to in- " terest himself in behalf of this young " *enthusiast*. This friend sent word for " answer, that he had applied himself to " a Mr. Blazon, a man of consequence " and affluence, who had promised to " do all that lay within the scope of his " abilities, for the advancement of the " interests of the young man. With " these hopes we sat out for London. " The parting with Colonel Raynall " was a melancholy one. We arrived " in London safe, and took lodgings " at ———.

" Here

" Here we became acquainted with " the generous Mr. Durnsford *

" As I began this letter, so must I " end it, with a solemn resolution to " perform my every duty to the worthy " man who has received my vows, " pledged

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* The above *hiatus* was filled up with all the particulars which have been *before* stated in the history of Isaac Durnsford; it would be superfluous, therefore, to relate them in this place. The conduct of Blazon to young Frederick has been noticed. This young man, in his former leisure hours, had diverted himself by working in a carpenter's shop. He soon became a powerful artist, and was of much use to his employer. The subsequent service he rendered his family, through the means of this talent, is a proof that *no art* is to be *despised*: in sudden reverses of fortune, it might be happy for many had they such a resource to apply to.

"pledged at the altar. Hear it, oh
"most honored shade of Cuthbert!
"record it, all ye listening angels!!!"

"To *explain* these various circum-
"stances to you (should I ever *more*
"behold you) would be painful: I have,
"therefore, *written* the progress of my
"life and sentiments. My epistle has
"exceeded, much exceeded the com-
"mon bounds of a letter: I have wished
"to be rapid, but I have found it im-
"possible. Even now, instead of hav-
"ing said too much, I dread lest my
"aim at *brevity* should have rendered
"me *obscure*.

"Should this ever meet your eye,
"consult your own heart, and I am
"confident *that* will teach you how
"to act. Mr. Durnsford, who is ac-
"quainted with every passage of our
"former story, has given me permis-
"sion to think of you as a *friend*. In

" that sacred character, then, adieu!
" Sincerely wishing you every happi-
" ness, either in a married or a single
" life,

" I remain, &c.

" ADELAIDE DURNSFORD."

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

SUCH was the letter Adelaide had resolved should be the only communication which was to pass between us: The very important service I had been fortunate enough to render her altered this determination of her mind. Mr. Durnsford, who loved her with the mingled affection of a husband and a father, freed her from any sort of difficulty the peculiar delicacy of her situation might have occasioned. He himself broke the matter to her. He had heard from her of my present forlorn situation (which she gleaned from me as we made our escape from Mr. Blazon's

zon's house) and begged her to assure me, that after having been the preserver of at once his peace, his honor, and the being much more dear to him than existence itself, he should look on himself as the most ungrateful of mankind, if he did not use every effort in his power to soothe my sorrows, and make me some reparation for the injuries my fate had done me. I long struggled, long resisted: I doubted my strength, and would have willingly flown from a combat, in which I did not find myself adequate to the contest: but, as I have *said*, Mr. Durnsford would not allow of this, and the entreaties of Adelaide threw a weight into the scale, which overcame every scruple, and vanquished all my resolutions. In the character of Mrs. Durnsford, however, there was something so truly saint-like, so divinely pure, that 'ere

I had remained long in her family, my impetuosity began to subside, until I at length was enabled to view the wife of Isaac Durnsford in the light of some near and dear *relative*. My passion became so chastened, that I regarded her as a darling sister, for whose happiness I was tenderly alive, for whose feelings I was interested, for whose well being I would have willingly resigned my life, but whose honor, at the same time, was more dear to me than even life *itself*. The more I saw of her husband, too, the greater argument I found for admiration and esteem. He was equal in temper, cool in manner, but impassioned at the *heart*. He acquainted me with the story of his life, with the progress of his sentiments. He owned that he had once felt some rancour at the ingratitude of those who formerly belonged to him, but that he had

had soon grown ashamed of it. He wished his relatives no *ill;* but, with regard to the fortune he had been so long acquiring, he judged that every law of equity and right put the disposal of that entirely in his own power, without the most distant possibility of a murmur or a cavil. His wealth had been entirely of his own acquiring; he had obtained it unaided by the efforts of *any one.* Kind and good, even to the most distant branches of his family, he had resolved, in days of yore, to leave all his possessions among them. In the hour of adversity they had proved themselves *unworthy* his benevolence, by avoiding him in his difficulties, and shunning him in his need. He then thought it *necessary* to look some *other* way for the balm of consolation, for the comforts of friendship. Affection is a current coin: every other spe-

cie is an infamous *alloy*, a downright *forgery*. Had Durnsford's son lived, all his doubts would have been decided. He ever looked on the child as the natural, the undisputed heir of the parent.

I give the character of Durnsford thus at full, as I am apprehensive least any one should judge unfavorably of his conduct towards his relatives, who spread all the infamous falsehoods slander could suggest, to the prejudice of his peace and happiness. Their first aim was to turn himself and his wife into ridicule; but *ridicule*, when undeserved, had no effect upon the mind of Durnsford. He had all his life been accustomed to plain mathematical reasoning; to examine every opinion by the honest standard of *unsophisticated truth*. The worst his enemies could say, was, that an *old man* had married a *young wife*; a circum-

circumstance which has sometimes justly attracted the ridicule of the world; but, it is allowed, that every general rule may have its *exceptions*, and Isaac Durnsford was the exception to *this*. He was a withering tree, under whose shade no floweret blossomed. Was he to sicken in solitude? was he to drag out the remainder of an upright life in gloomy silence, when he held the means, in his own hands, of securing to himself a most amiable companion? With an opportunity of making his declining day *pleasant* to *himself* and *useful* to *others*, was he to reject the means of happiness? By his marriage, he secured the most tender friend, the most disinterested relative, and the most affectionate companion. He could not have enjoyed any of these comforts by any other means than marriage. No other circumstances could have secured

to him the great, the unbounded happiness he at present possessed. How then was he wrong? Content is the end, the search of all mankind. Pause then, and examine your own heart, before you ridicule the character of Durnsford. Such was the man with whom I spent some time, and whom I shortly began to reverence as a parent.

Of my own father I could hear *no news.* Convinced he was in *prosperity,* I had some alleviation on his account. If he grew conscious of his harsh conduct towards me, I knew he had it in his power to recall me to his affections, whenever he might think it most expedient. He had sold his estate in the North, and I could glean no tidings concerning him in London; I therefore concluded, that he, my brother, and Juliana, had gone abroad together.

Adelaide sometimes corresponded with Colonel Raynall, and I requested her to inquire of him, whether or no he had heard any news relative to the parties in question. His *answer* never arrived. This confirmed my original idea; and, though melancholy and dispirited, at being thus cut off from all intercourse with my family, yet I found some consolation in reflecting that I might now go where I pleased, without the hazard of meeting with persons who would distress me by their inquiries, and interest themselves in my fortunes more than I was desirous that they should do. I do not recollect that in any former period of my life, I had ever enjoyed the same series of calm, quiet felicity, I experienced in the house of Durnsford. I assisted him in his concerns; and employment, the only *real* lenitive for sorrow, prevented me from brooding over

 the

the corroding afflictions, to which, thus early in life, I had been exposed. My conscience, too, rewarded me for the victory I had gained over my passions. The confidence of Durnsford was unbounded: he knew my heart and did justice to my principles. Adelaide, too, treated me with the most unreserved friendship; and

> "I, as a brother to a sister, shewed
> "Bashful sincerity, and comely love."
>
> SHAKSPEAR.

Yet all our caution, openness, and candor, was of no avail. Malice soon began to make free with our little domestic circle. Many whispers and murmurs began to be muttered around. Though Mr. and Mrs. Durnsford hardly kept any company, they soon found that *privacy* was no safeguard against *detraction*. There are a set of busy, meddling personages, who are the great-

est-curses with which society can be infested: *one* such ill-minded man or woman, like the plague, can send the fatal pestilence abroad: a pestilence, which strikes, like the impartial dart of *death*, the peasant and the monarch; no rank, no character can elude the infection, and the first, the brightest ornaments in the world, are tainted before they have the slightest idea of the danger by which they are pursued. This began to be the case with Mrs. Durnsford. The noxious breath of one of these idle women had breathed upon her reputation and her peace of mind. She began to be talked of all around her neighbourhood. Had the mischief *ended* here, the consequences, however disagreeable, could not have been so serious nor so fatal: but there is no confining this malady. She had many unmerited enemies. Mr. Durnsford was

very rich, and when a man is either rich, prosperous, or high in his profes ion, he has a very great chance of having a thousand foes, without the least possibility of ever knowing what he has done to deserve them. The whisper went from the City to the most fashionable part of the town.

Lady Spawnley, a woman who lost her own character at an early period of life, and had been forty years repairing the injury herself had done the cause of virtue, by the rigorous remarks she made on the inadvertencies of *others*, happened to be at a Mrs. Claggit's rout. Mrs. Claggit was one of those whose vices are hid in a large lump of fashionable affectations: she had every thing of frailty, but the initial blush, which proves that the *conduct* is not sanctioned by the *judgment*. The party was a large one; and, as Sir Peter says, "a character

"was dead at every sentence." The *fashionable* circles of their acquaintance were all reduced to their *own level*, and, could you have believed *them*, there was not such a thing as a really honest man, or truly modest woman, in the whole county of Middlesex. They had hunted down all the lordly animals of the forest; and, as they had not yet half expended their quivers of spleen and venom, they were at last compelled to seek for inferior game. Lady Spawnley put a stop to the dead calm which had ensued, by observing, that the times were so bad, they exceeded all that ever had been heard of in former days, that the manners of the West end of the Town had pervaded the very *City;* and that merchants' wives were beginning to ape the vices of their superiors.

Mrs. Claggit, who had only waited

for her cue, began to play her best cards into the hands of her partner in mischief. "Oh!" cried she, "I suppose you allude to the affair of Mr. Durnsford, the rich City merchant—shocking!"

A Mrs. Dexter, who was present, and happened to be a distant relation of Durnsford's, immediately began to feel a most anxious curiosity to learn the whole particulars of the affair. Amongst the other relatives of this worthy man, she had ever nourished a cordial hatred towards the person of Adelaide, whom all parties imagined the grand bar to the distribution of his wealth in their favor. Mrs. Dexter was a thorough bred *chatterer*: without any real blackness of heart or malevolence of intention, she did much more effective mischief than the most evil-minded of her associates; for, as good-nature was her

general

general characteristic, *she* was often *believed* when *others* were not; so that, without any of the depravity of their motives, she was equally dangerous with the worst of them. She did nothing but *talk* all the day long. Her *own* affairs could not supply her with themes for conversation, so that she was frequently compelled, by mere *vacuity*, to touch upon the concerns of others. With such a talking *furor*, it is extremely difficult to be always *just*: the words come out before the thought can be weighed, the circumstances digested, or the consequences examined. The other ladies, knowing the town-crier himself could not be so well calculated to make the loss of *any article* so well known as the above-mentioned lady, imagined that no person could be more fit than herself, to proclaim the loss of Mrs. Durnsford's *reputation*.

Perceiving that Mrs. Dexter was extremely *fidgetty*, they led her on to beg for a full explanation of the whole, which Mrs. Claggit gave to the following effect:

"Why, Ma'am, it is a very delicate "affair for me to speak on. I had it all "from a particular friend, who some"times visits in the *City*. For my own "part, I do not think it right to be ac"quainted with folks at that end of the "town; for too much familiarity, you "know——"

"Certainly, certainly, Madam," cried Mrs. Dexter, bridling up and smiling: "Mrs. Durnsford is a *sort* of a kind of "a *relation* of mine; but I give you "my honor I *never* visited her for all "that."

"I am extremely happy to hear you "say so, my dear Mrs. Dexter," rejoined the Lady Spawnley; "her con-

"duct

"duct has lately been such as no de-
"cent person can countenance."

"What do you mean, ladies?"

"Bless me! what have you never heard of the young man Mr.—a—a—oh! aye! a Mr. Mowbray, a son of one of Mr. Durnsford's clerks in the sugar-house. Mr. Durnsford was very good to the boy, and had him put to a charity-school, where he was bred up at his sole cost and expense. Well, then, you know the.—I beg pardon. He is a relation of yours; or else I was going to have said, *the foolish old man*."

"Oh pray do not check yourself on that account, Madam; for, surely, no persons have had better reason to accuse him of folly than his *family*."

"Well, Mrs. Dexter, out of respect to you, I shall say the *imprudent* old man, after marrying the daughter of

"an

"an old soldier who came begging at "his door, brings home the youth, and "then—But I make it a point never "to injure the character of any per-"son. I am told that Mr. Durnsford "is *wise*; that he understands the *ma-"thematics*. He may have acted very "rightly. I say nothing. The whole "City may talk as much about it as "they please; only I shall take care "that the name of Mrs. Claggit shall "not be tacked to the lie of the day."

Mrs. Dexter had two motives for wishing that these insinuations might have a foundation: a dislike to poor Adelaide, and a great love of a story. So away she went, full primed, to discharge her blunderbuss of scandal amongst her acquaintance. She talked, she hinted, she tattled; scandal flew abroad like wildfire, from the fashionable end of the town to the City. It at last

last reached the ears of Barbara, who rewarded the person that brought the intelligence with a slap on the face. Durnsford called in his housekeeper, and insisted on knowing the cause of the riot he heard. When she had related the whole history, "pish," cried he; "let the fools alone; they will talk "till they are tired, and then they will "be quiet." The worthy man then gave her a most solemn charge, not to mention one word of the nonsense she had been repeating, either to her mistress or to myself. He was conscious that I should feel most painfully situated, could I for a moment suspect myself of being the innocent cause of such a world of mischief.

Durnsford, you did me no more than *justice*: so may Heaven deal with me as I then dealt with thee! I have had many faults, *heavy*, *grievous* ones; but

but in this instance I can firmly answer for the unsullied purity of my intentions.

END OF VOL. I.

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